

HINGHAM



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Emily H. Parsons

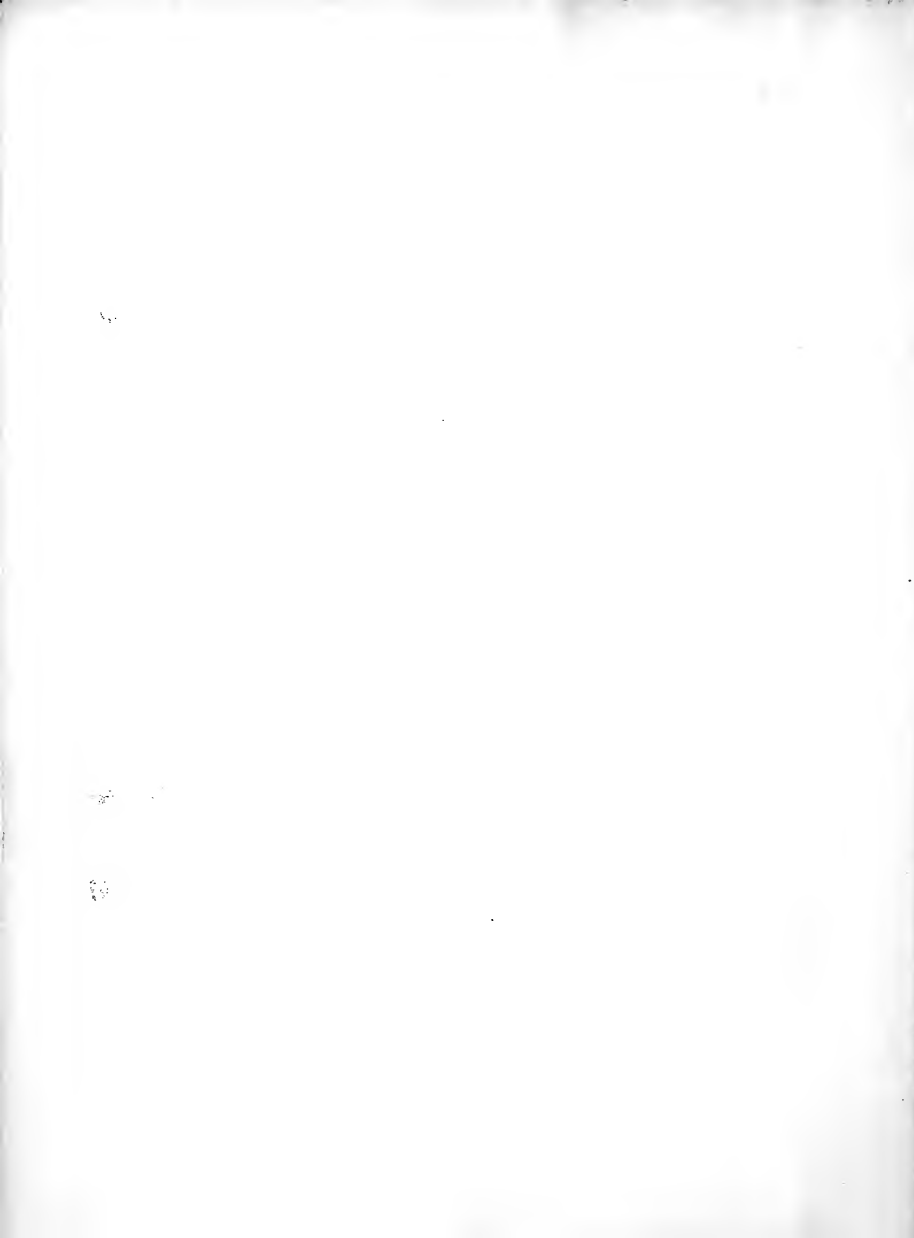
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MAIN STREET, FORMERLY "BACHELOR'S ROW."

HINGHAM

A STORY OF ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT AND LIFE,
ITS ANCIENT LANDMARKS, ITS HISTORIC
SITES AND BUILDINGS.



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OLD COLONY CHAPTER
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INTRODUCTION.

FOR two hundred and fifty years after the settlement of Hingham the favorite method of approach was by water, and there is still no better way to get a first glimpse of the town. Sailing south from Boston one enters a cup-shaped arm of the bay, dotted with tiny islands, and well-sheltered from the fury of eastern gales. Along its green shores lie the scattered houses of summer colonies and, at the bottom of the cup, are a few wharves and old buildings that date back to the time when Hingham's mackerel fleet was her chief pride. No longer does the daily steamboat make its sinuous way amid the vexing shallows of the harbor, but the varied craft of the Hingham Yacht Club give a touch of life to the tranquil scene and keep it still allied with the former aspect of the place.

It was from the open waters of Massachusetts Bay that the earliest settlers of the town viewed their new home. The rounded hill of Crow Point was the first land sighted by them, and probably was the spot first trodden by their ocean-weary feet. To-day, girdled by attractive summer houses and crowned by the links of the Golf Club, it is one of the most beautiful localities for miles around. Doubtless the prospect of a safe anchorage in the inner basin led those early voyagers into Bare Cove, now Hingham harbor. If they came in the late afternoon and were so fortunate as to see, over the shoulder of Weary-all Hill, the splendid coloring for which Hingham sunsets are

famous, they must have felt that Heaven smiled upon their enterprise.

The modern traveler who comes into the town by train or motor loses something of this picturesqueness, although if he enter from the south, down the six-mile drive from Accord Pond, he has little reason to complain. From the exquisite vistas through the trees on the Mount Blue road to the graceful willows "over the river," or down the wide avenue that leads through South Hingham and its successive "plains," he faces a series of charming views. Arrived at the lower level of the main street he finds himself beneath the interlacing branches of tall elms, and between rows of dignified old houses which give to the town its air of comfort and well-being. At his right, as he approaches the railway station, stands the Old Meeting-house, the most treasured of all Hingham's possessions. A few rods farther on is Derby Academy, justly famous in the early years of the nation, and still holding its place in the respect as well as in the affection of the community. Recent improvements have done much to beautify the interior of the building and to make it worthy of the high ideals for which the school stands. Beyond the Academy, under the great elm that throws its shadow far across the square toward the railroad, is a quaint old house interesting for its connection with colonial history. Here were quartered some of the exiled Acadians brought from Grand Pré and its neighborhood after the Nova Scotia expedition of 1755. Around the corner may be found the headquarters of the Arts and Crafts Society, which has already made for itself an enviable reputation. From the top

of the hill on the north side of the square one gets an excellent idea of the topography of this section of the town and of its natural beauty. The blue harbor on the east, the softly rounded hills to the north and west, with the wide expanse of the cadet camp at one's feet make a picture not readily to be forgotten.

If the visitor to Hingham enters the town by train from Boston, he first crosses the meadows, above and below West Hingham, known throughout the region for the forget-me-nots which grow all summer in great profusion. Originally brought by Allan Gay, a Hingham artist, from the forest of Fontainebleau, they have spread up and down the brooks, bravely withstanding the icy winters and the ruthless handling of the boys who gather them for sale in the square.

There are three other approaches to the town — one over the old west turnpike, coming in over Back River bridge and passing along the reservation and the thickly clustered houses of the district spoken of by old residents as "up in town;" another, branching from the turnpike at the bridge and skirting a lovely stretch of woodland and shore; and lastly, the roads from Nantasket and Cohasset which lie to the eastward. From the top of Old Colony Hill the horseshoe curve, begun at Crow Point, is completed by the beautiful Martin's Lane and World's End drive.

The day of Hingham's commercial prosperity is in the past, and those who love her truly have no wish to see the modern equivalent in its place. The white sails of the fishing vessels, the carefully tended fields and farms, the wholesome smell of new-cut wood and clean cordage, — these were things

beautiful in themselves, and they gave the flavor of healthy activity to a community proud of its industry and its independence. Prosperity, in the business sense of money-making, is no longer to be coveted for a town the charm of which lies in the quiet beauty and peacefulness of its natural endowment. The ideal Hingham will continue to provide, as does a well-kept home, for the refreshment and reinforcement of those who find chief scope for their commercial activity outside her borders, and true prosperity will mean a conservation of all that gives such a renewal of strength and life.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago, Johnson, in his "Wonder Working Providence," wrote of the town, "Its form is somewhat intricate to describe by reason of the Sea's wasting crookes where it beats upon a mouldering shore," nor is the task to-day a simple one. The lapse of nearly three centuries has not changed to an appreciable degree the physical characteristics of Hingham or the nature of her inheritance. There are still "wasting crookes," and the famous first settler who "would speak his mind" could easily find his counterpart in that respect to-day. Sturdy independence has always been a distinguishing quality of Hingham stock; joined with a brave liberalism in thought and a cautious conservatism in action, it has made her children justly proud of their birthright. Well may they take satisfaction in the thought that they can trace so directly their descent from those pioneers who founded a new freedom in the wilderness across the sea.

MARTHA A. L. LANE.

HISTORIC HINGHAM.

HINGHAM, with its Old England name carrying us back even a step farther than the earliest days of New England chronicle and legend, with its traditional families, themselves indicative of its own origin, its yet numerous venerable houses, its elm and maple shaded streets, sometimes straight and broad, then again narrow and winding, adorned here with beautiful lawns and artistic modern residences, and there quaint with the great, square, yellow, white-trimmed colonial mansion or the low, gabled, unpainted home of the olden days, is one of the towns the story of which, touching here upon the Puritan, and there upon the Pilgrim, is coeval with and, indeed, not an unimportant part of that of the Commonwealth.

As early as 1633 and 1634 a few families made here their abiding-places; but the settlement leading to the assignment of lots was made in 1635, when Peter Hobart, the revered minister thereafter for more than forty-three years, landed near the foot of what is now Ship Street, at the head waters of the mill stream, and held divine worship under the shade of a noble tree now gone. The place, heretofore a plantation known as Bare Cove, became a town under the name of Hingham, there being but ten or eleven older in the State and only one in Plymouth County.

The earliest settlements were made along what is now North Street, formerly Town Street, and soon extended west as far as the end of the swamp, thence through West Street and over Fort Hill, from which the adjoining settlement at Weymouth, or Wessagusset, was reached. The south side of the town brook also, now

called South Street, was then called Town Street; and houses were soon built at intervals between Fort Hill and Main Street, the lower part of which became, early in our history, Bachelors' Row. Main Street throughout its length, with but little variation from its present location, was occupied upon either side at a very early day; and there are few finer avenues than this, especially where it widens into a modern boulevard at South Hingham. Broad Cove Lane, now Lincoln Street, from which by a grassy lane Otis Hill — then Weary-all Hill — was reached, was also occupied by some of the first comers. The lower part of Main Street, near the square, then followed for a short distance two separate courses, — one over a hill now partially dug away, and then extending a short distance westward from where Derby Academy stands, and the other around the base of the same hill. The two united and became one about opposite the location of Loring Hall. Upon the hill stood the first meeting-house, a plain, small log building, with a palisade around it for defence against the Indians. At a distance of a few rods, at most, the first school maintained by the town kept company with the house of worship; while around them both stood the rough stones erected to the memory of our dead forefathers. The remains of the occupants of this our first cemetery are gathered in the old fort, in which stands a plain granite shaft erected as a memorial to the first settlers. This fort, in an excellent state of preservation, is in the Hingham Cemetery, and not far from the Old Meeting-house. It was one of three built at an early day, supposedly about 1675, when King Philip was ravaging the settlements from the Atlantic coast to the Connecticut River and beyond. The other two were situated, one on Fort Hill and the other on the lower plain, not far from where now stands the public library. In this connection it may

be as well to relate that during Philip's War, on April 20, 1676, several houses at South Hingham and "Over the River" were burned by the red men.

It is impossible to name in a short article like the present all of the early families who came to Hingham, but among them were the Lincolns, Herseys, Cushings, Jacobs, Wilders, Burrs, Thaxters, Spragues, Chubbucks, Andrews, Bates, Stoddards, Stowells, Gardners, Hobarts, Beals, Towers, Leavitts, Ripleys, Joys, Marshes, Lanes, and Whitons; and the descendants of most of them are still found among the substantial residents of our community.

The original limits of Hingham extended from the beautiful blue bay on the north to Accord Pond on the south, where it bounded upon Plymouth Colony. The westerly limit was fixed in part by Weymouth Back River, and the easterly by Bound Brook, thus including Cohasset, which was set off in 1770. Hull, too, was, as now, one of our immediate neighbors, and was separated by a salt branch of Weir River.

The early inhabitants were mainly farmers, and were an industrious and thrifty class, who soon developed many other industries. In 1645 a corn-mill was erected at or near the location of that still singing its cheery song, and another a few rods further up the stream. Early in the town's history there was a fulling-mill near the pond at South Hingham now known by that name. Saw-mills and corn-mills were numerous; and our shores were soon lined with ship yards, where many stalwart vessels were built. There were salt-works at several places; and iron foundries, box factories, and bucket factories employed large numbers of people in the succeeding years. As early as 1639 the records tell of the loss of a small ten-ton vessel belong-

ing to John Palmer, of Broad Cove. Subsequently considerable commerce was carried on with the West Indies; and before the close of the last century the town had become celebrated for its mackerel fishery, which, like many of its other industries, is now entirely a thing of the past.

In 1637 Hingham furnished six men for what is known as the Pequot War, and from that day she has never been backward in responding to the military calls of the country. Anthony Eames was the first military commander; and Joshua Hobart, a brother of the minister and an energetic man, was captain before and during Philip's War. At this later period, besides the forts already mentioned, there were so-called "garrison houses." One of these, standing in the "pass" between Massachusetts and Plymouth, was that of Captain John Jacob, a distinguished man and soldier of the period. John Tower and his sons defended another near Tower's Bridge; and the Andrews house, recently belonging to Miss Joanna Lincoln and standing next the Cushing House, was a third. It is supposed to be the oldest house in the town.

In the several French wars men from this town served conspicuously and bravely. In the expeditions against the Spanish in the West Indies in 1740 and 1762 a number of Hingham men participated. The town was foremost among those which led and served in the Revolution, and many of her sons took distinguished parts in the long struggle. Most conspicuous of all was Major-general Lincoln, who had been secretary of the Provincial Congress and a leader in shaping the practical preparations to resist British aggression. Engaged in the war at various times were a number of companies; and probably over one thousand Hingham men participated in it, first and last. A small engage-

ment took place between the British and the Americans on May 21, 1775, the firing on the patriots' part being from our shore, near the mouth of Weymouth River, while the English were on Grape Island. The latter were soon driven off.

The inhabitants in 1776 numbered probably from 2,000 to 2,500. After the war the town grew slowly but steadily until about 1860, since which time its population of between four and five thousand has not materially increased.

Among the most interesting buildings in this country is the Old Meeting-house, erected in 1681. It has been occupied uninterruptedly as a house of worship for more than two hundred years, besides being the place in early days for holding town meetings. The meeting-house of the Second Congregational Society at South Hingham is not only interesting as dating back to the early days before the Revolution, but also for the noble men who have ministered therein. Near the Hingham depot is the New North Church, or, more properly, the meeting-house of the Third Congregational Society, erected early in the present century and the religious home of General Lincoln, Governor Andrew, and Governor Long. A large congregation worships in the Roman Catholic Church, built in 1872, directly opposite the station.

On North Street, a few rods west of Lincoln Street, is the Universalist house of worship, occupied by an earnest and enthusiastic society; and, still farther on, the Methodists meet in the building devoted by them to the service of God. Standing back from Main Street and half hidden by great trees is the white church of the Baptists, built in 1829; while nearly opposite Water Street is the modest chapel of the Episcopalians, with attractive grounds and shrubbery. Centre Hingham has within

its limits the church of the Evangelical Congregational Society, erected in 1848. At South Hingham, on Gardner Street, an undenominational society meets in a small building used as a chapel; and on High Street, near the Weymouth line, there is a Second Advent church. Among the other public buildings in the town are Wilder Memorial Hall, Grand Army Hall, Derby Academy, the spacious Armory, the Public Library, Agricultural Hall, Loring Hall, and the High and Grammar Schoolhouses.

In early times packets carried men and merchandise to and from Boston; but these were long since supplanted by steamboats, which for many years added to the delights of a residence in a place charming alike for its natural beauties, its historical associations, its simple manners, and its comfortable homes. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad now controls the old South Shore Company which, since 1849, has made it possible to enjoy a home in the country and at the same time to carry on a business in the great city.

A sketch of the town, however slight, would be sadly wanting, were no reference made to the beautiful cemeteries at Fort Hill, Hingham Centre, South Hingham, and to the Hingham Cemetery itself. In this, the largest of them all, lies what is mortal of Major-general Lincoln and Governor John A. Andrew. A fine monument marks the grave of the former, and a remarkably life-like statue stands beside that of the latter.

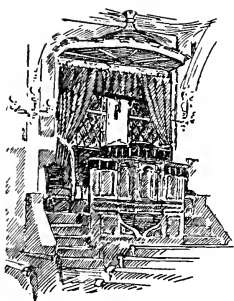
Religious bigotry has never found a footing in Hingham. In the old days there were many bonds of sympathy between our people and those of the Plymouth settlements. Indeed, so numerous were the intermarriages that our community was almost as much Pilgrim as Puritan in blood as well as in thought. Into the anti-slavery agitation of the years that now seem so long

ago the people of Hingham entered with unflagging zeal ; and, when the great war for freedom needed the devotion and self-sacrifice of her sons, hundreds of them responded to the nation's call, and now sleep quietly in her holiest soil, remembered with love and gratitude in that they served and died that their brothers might be free and that the Great Republic might survive, a beacon light to all the peoples of the earth.

WALTER L. BOUVÉ.

During the War of 1812 the countryside was frequently thrown into a panic by the approach of British warships. It was on one such occasion that two young girls at Scituate actually frightened away a hostile vessel by parading up and down the beach with fife and drum. Hidden from view, their shrill clamor led the captain to believe that a force was gathering against him ; and, hoisting sail, he departed. At another time the women and children of Hingham were alarmed by the appearance of a strange ship in the harbor. Rumors of bombardment drove them to their homes. One energetic woman, however, rang the bell of the Old Church until she had succeeded in calling the scattered men together to defend the town. The tradition stops here, although her sons, well known afterward as the firm of R. & C. Lane, doubtless remembered their mother's exploit with pride.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.



OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

THE "Old Meeting-house" was built in 1681. It was the second house for public worship in the town. The first meeting-house was built soon after the gathering of the church in 1635, and was on the main street, on a hill in front of the present site of the Derby Academy. For forty-five years after the settlement of the town it was the only house for public worship. As the town grew in numbers, it was found necessary to build a larger one to accommodate its inhabitants. After a controversy of more than a year, in which the governor and magistrates took part, the location of the new house was settled; and on July 8, 1681, Captain Joshua Hobart conveyed to the town by deed of gift the site for the meeting-house, which was the one upon which it now stands. The frame was raised on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of July, 1681; and it was opened for public worship Jan. 8, 1681-82. It cost the town £430 and the old house, the necessary amount being raised by a rate which had been made in October, 1680. Parts of the first meeting-house were used in the construction of the new one. For over two centuries it has stood, substantially the same as when first erected. It is true that it has been enlarged twice, and such repairs and minor changes as were necessary have been made from time to time; but all the original timbers of its frame are



THE OLD MEETING HOUSE OF THE FIRST PARISH IN HINGHAM, WIDELY KNOWN AS THE "OLD SHIP" CHURCH,
BUILT IN 1681, AND THE OLDEST PLACE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP NOW IN USE IN THE UNITED STATES.

still there, sound as when they were first hewn out of the solid oak by the strokes of the broad-axe, the marks of which can be plainly seen on every hand.

Its antiquity marks it as one of the principal objects of interest in Hingham. The most exhausting research enables us to say with entire confidence that the meeting-house of the First Parish in Hingham is the oldest house for public worship in the United States which stands upon its original site and continues to be used for the purpose for which it was erected.

There were originally galleries on one side and both ends, the pulpit being on the side next to the cemetery. There was no ceiling until 1731, but all was open to the rafters. Through the small circular aperture, now seen in the centre of the ceiling, the bell-rope is lowered to the main floor of the house, in order to make the bell more accessible in case of sudden alarm. It is drawn up into the attic while services are held. The occasion for such use has long since passed away, yet the custom of lowering the rope is still continued. The square pane of glass in the ceiling was placed there to enable the sexton, while ringing the bell from the attic floor, to see when the minister had taken his place in the pulpit, which was his signal to cease ringing. The original dimensions of the house were fifty-five feet in length, forty-five feet in breadth, and the height of the posts "twenty or one-and-twenty feet." This width included what is now contained between the two side galleries, the wall against which the present pulpit stands and the opposite wall being in their original places. In 1730 an addition of fourteen feet was built upon the side next to the cemetery; and in 1755 a similar addition of fourteen feet was built on the side next to the street, these being the spaces covered by the two side galleries. At the

time of the last addition, 1755, the present pulpit was built and placed nearly in its present position. Dr. Gay, the minister, preached from it the first time after it was built, from Nehemiah viii. 4: "And Ezra, the scribe, stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose."

In the same year, 1755, the first pews were built; namely, two rows of square pews all around the house, except the spaces occupied by the pulpit and the aisles leading from the porches. There was a pew in front of the pulpit, known as the "Elders' Pew," or "Elderly Seat," and an enclosed seat or pew in front of the Elders' pew, facing the broad aisle, for the deacons. The two latter pews were removed in 1828. In the central space or body of the house were long oak seats for the occupancy of males on one side of the broad aisle and of females on the other. These seats were removed from time to time, until the whole space was covered by pews. In 1799 five pews were built in the front of each side gallery, and in 1804 the same number in the rear of those first built, making twenty in all. At subsequent dates all the side gallery pews were removed and new pews were built in their place; namely, eight in the eastern gallery in 1854, the same number in the western gallery in 1855, and in 1857 four were built in the eastern and four in the western gallery. In 1859 four pews were built in the front gallery, and in 1868 four more had been built in the same gallery.

In 1822 stoves were introduced for the purpose of heating the house. It seems incredible that our ancestors could have sat through two long services in a New England climate for so many years with no heat other than that obtained from foot-stoves or similar portable appliances.

There was no adequate provision for lighting the house after dark until 1870, when oil lamps were put in. These served their purpose until 1900, when they gave way to electric lights.

In 1869 the present pews were built on the floor of the house, furnaces were substituted for stoves, and expensive repairs were made. Under the southwest corner-stone a lead box was deposited, containing appropriate memorials connected with the history of the parish. Appropriate services were held to commemorate the reopening of the meeting-house Sept. 8, 1869.

Aug. 8, 1881, very impressive and interesting exercises were held in the meeting-house, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the building of the house. Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, a lineal descendant of the second minister, Rev. John Norton, during whose ministry it was built, delivered the principal address. Music of the various periods since the erection of the meeting-house was represented by the "raising of the tune" by means of a "pitch-pipe" and "deaconing" of the hymn, with singing by the congregation; the use of various musical instruments in connection with a large choir, composed of nearly all those living who had ever sat in the "singing seats;" and the organ and quartette choir. At that time a tablet of brass, set in mahogany and lettered in antique style, was placed on the wall on the westerly side of the pulpit as a permanent memorial. It has the following inscription:

"LET THE WORK OF OUR FATHERS STAND."

Ministers.

PETER HOBART	1635-1678-9
JOHN NORTON	1678-1716
EBENEZER GAY	1718-1787
HENRY WARE	1787-1805

JOSEPH RICHARDSON	1806-1871
CALVIN LINCOLN	1855-1881
EDW ^d AUGUSTUS HORTON	1877-1880
HIRAM PRICE COLLIER	1882-1888
JOHN WILLIAM DAY	1890-1899

Teacher.

ROBERT PECK	1638-1641
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This church was gathered in 1635. The frame of this meeting-house was raised on the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth days of July, 1681; and the house was completed and opened for public worship on the eighth of January, 1681-82. It cost the town £430 and the old house.

Mr. Day's ministry closed in 1899, and Rev. Louis Craig Cornish, the tenth minister, was settled in 1900.

Jan. 8, 1882, a discourse was delivered by Rev. Edward A. Horton, at that time the only surviving minister, on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the opening of the meeting-house for public worship.

There is some doubt about the general appearance of the early New England meeting-houses; but, from several woodcuts which have been preserved of those in other places and from some early memorials of towns in which the earlier buildings are not now standing, there is strong presumption that our Hingham meeting-house is of a type of architecture which was not unusual, and, perhaps, more commonly in use than any other. The nearly square box, with a pyramidal roof surmounted by a belfry with "banisters" around it, a steeple in the centre, projecting porches, two regular rows of windows with diamond

panes of glass (formerly set in lead) interrupted on one side by a pair of windows at a different level, which mark the position of the pulpit, constitute the customary features of these earlier houses. All these are seen in our old meeting-house, almost the only one left to remind us of that simplicity which our fathers thought becoming to their houses of worship.

In 1791, one hundred and ten years after the house was built, its form and appearance were nearly lost to us of later generations. Indeed, the whole structure was dangerously near annihilation. The following notes tell the story :

In June, 1791, it was voted "that the meeting-house be repaired in the following manner, viz. : that the roof be carried up to a point the same pitch as the south-west roof is over the centre of the house ; and that the ridge extend from the north-west side of the house to the south-east, the whole width of the house ; and that where the porch now stands a tower be built on which the bell shall be hung, and such work on the top of the tower as shall hereafter be ordered." In February, 1792, it was voted "that a tower be built at the south-west side of the meeting-house for the bell to hang on ;" and, in the following March, "that the meeting-house roof be taken off, and a proper pitch roof made to correspond with the tower that is to be built, and to have proper covings." Subsequently it was voted "to leave it to the judgment of the committee to form the roof as they shall judge best." In April, 1792, the committee reported that the top of the meeting-house was so defective that it was not best to repair it without taking off the roof ; and the report was accepted. In August of the same year it was voted that the vote for taking off the roof "be dissolved ;" and at the same meeting it was voted "to take down the meeting-house, and build a new

one similar to a plan exhibited in the meeting which is on file, 60 in favor of it, and 28 against it." Fortunately, however, in November, 1792, it was voted "not to take down the meeting-house and build a new one on any principles," but "to repair the meeting-house in its present form." Extensive repairs were made in 1793, in accordance with votes passed to carry out this latter vote; and the old meeting-house was saved.

Visitors who see the two square pews with their "banister" tops, which are preserved in the attic as relics, and which are of the style of those removed in 1869, often express regret that the old pews were not allowed to remain, and so add to the quaintness of the interior. For the purposes of an antique relic it is a matter for regret; but the exigencies of the situation required their removal, as the following extract from an article in the *Hingham Journal* of Sept. 3, 1869, written by a member of the Committee on Repairs, clearly states:

"Several articles have appeared in the columns of this paper during the time the work of repair has been going on, evincing no small degree of interest in relation to the manner in which the committee who had the work in charge proposed to accomplish it, and it is not surprising that therein fears were expressed that something would be done in the progress of the work to mar the general character of the building; and the committee ought to feel under some obligation to this expression of public feeling, in restraining any tendency in this direction, if, unhappily, it had any foothold among them. It was no mere desire for change or to conform to modern fashions of architecture which led to the work of repair, but an apparent necessity for making essential repairs had been felt for some years. This, at last, led to an examination of the floor of the house; and this examination

revealed the fact that, if the parish wished to preserve their house, they must forthwith commence the work of repairs, and that nothing short of an entire new floor would answer the purpose. This rendered the removal of the pews necessary, and the removal involved their destruction. There are many associations connected with those old pews, full of the deepest interest to those occupying them; and nothing but the sternest necessity could have reconciled the owners to their sacrifice. Those old square pews were not put in the house when it was first built, but were placed there when the last addition was made in 1755."

The first reference in the records of the parish to the musical part of the service is in 1763, when a meeting was held "in order to see whether the Parish will assign any particular place, seat or seats, where a number of persons skilled in Musick may set together that so that part of Religious exercise may be performed with decency and order;" and it was voted "that Mr. Gay be desired to invite one or more to set in ye seat behind the Deacons' to strike first in singing," and "that a part of the womans' front seat and ye second seat, not exceeding one-half of each, be separated for ye use of the singers." In May, 1778, it was voted "that the two hindermost seats in the body of the Meeting-house, both men's & women's, be appropriated to the use of the singers;" in September of the same year, "that the three hindermost seats in the Meeting-house be appropriated to the singers, and that they have liberty to make doors & flaps of bords to each seat;" and November, 1779, "to indulge the singers a Liberty to set in the front gallery where it best suited them." The first record of a musical instrument is in the vote of March 9, 1801, when it was voted "that the Parish be at the expense of purchasing a Bass-viol and commit it to Barnabas Lincoln, to be used by him

or his family in the meeting-house to assist the melody, and that Mr. Barnabas Lincoln be invited to assist in leading the bass." The bass-viol was continued in use from this time until the introduction of an organ in 1867, and other instruments were used at various times. Mr. David A. Hersey played upon the bass-viol for nearly fifty years, and Mr. Sidney Sprague upon the flute for thirty-six years, their services ending in 1867.

In 1867 an organ was placed in the front gallery. Previously for many years the "singing seats" were in this gallery. In 1869, at the time of the general repairs, the location of the organ was changed to the platform on the easterly side of the pulpit, and in 1870 a new organ was purchased and placed in the same position.

In 1902 Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Clapp, members of the parish, expressed a wish to place in the meeting-house a new organ as a memorial gift to their son, who died in 1901, and who had been an active member of the choir. A portion of the eastern gallery was removed, and the organ was placed in the northerly corner of the meeting-house. It was dedicated July 31, 1902. Upon the organ is a brass plate with the following inscription :

THIS ORGAN WAS GIVEN TO
· THE · FIRST · PARISH · HINGHAM ·
BY MR. & MRS. EDWIN CLAPP
IN MEMORY OF THEIR SON
· DAVIS · BATES · CLAPP ·
· AD · MCMII ·

On Sept. 24, 1905, there was used for the first time a reading desk, the gift of friends of Joseph H. French, as a memorial of him. Upon it is a brass plate with the following inscription :

THIS READING DESK COMMEMORATES
THE HONORABLE LIFE AND CHEERFUL FAITH OF
JOSEPH HUMPHREY FRENCH
1820-1905
WHO DURING THIRTY YEARS
WORSHIPED GOD IN THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

A bronze tablet in memory of Wilmon W. Blackmar, placed on the southerly interior wall of the meeting-house by the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States, was unveiled with suitable exercises on Sunday afternoon, June 9, 1907.

On Oct. 11, 1908, there was used for the first time a stand for the baptismal bowl. Upon it is a silver plate with the following inscription :

TO THE HONORED MEMORY OF
DEMERICK MARBLE
BORN OCT. 7, 1819 DIED FEB. 22, 1898
BAPTISED IN THIS OLD
MEETING HOUSE OCT. 23, 1823.
GIVEN BY HIS SONS
1908.

Both the first house and the present one were surmounted by a bell. The bell now in use was placed in the belfry July 26, 1822.

For some years before the Revolutionary War there was a clock in the attic, the dial of which was in the dormer window facing the street. For some unknown reason this was removed. The time was originally marked by an hour glass which stood upon the pulpit. The clock now on the front of the gallery was placed there by subscription in 1835, and set in motion on the

morning of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town.

Town meetings were held in the meeting-house from 1682, when it was first opened for public worship, until 1780, and from that date until 1827, either in this house or the meeting-house at South Hingham.

The parish is of the Unitarian denomination. Originally a Puritan church and congregation, it changed gradually in its belief, under the liberal ministry of Dr. Gay, about the middle of the eighteenth century, long before the time when the Unitarians became an established denomination in this country. It continues to be active and prosperous, and maintains public worship in the meeting-house every Sunday throughout the year.

For the uses of the Sunday-school and other purposes connected with the religious and charitable work and social life of the parish, the Parish House, which stands on Main Street, nearly opposite the meeting-house, was built in 1891.

Nov. 6, 1910, there was a service of dedication by the Sunday-school, in the Parish House, of a peal of tubular bells, to be used in calling together and dismissing the Sunday-school. The bells are enclosed in a mahogany case and were the gift of Mrs. George E. Wales, as a memorial to her daughter, formerly a member of the school. Upon the case is a brass plate with the following inscription :

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ELEANOR ELIZABETH GARDNER
Born June 14th, 1891 Died June 19th, 1905

E'en as she trod that day to God, so walked she from her birth —
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

The limits of this sketch do not permit any extended observations of a sentimental character concerning this unique relic of antiquity ; but for those whose ancestors for seven or eight generations have continuously worshipped within its walls, through two centuries or more, it is filled with associations which no words can express. Fortunately preserved by the wiser second thought of those who would have replaced it with a more modern structure more than a century ago, scorched by the heat of a burning building on one side a half century ago, and threatened by a similar occurrence on another side since that time, it still stands an inspiration and comfort to those in whose keeping it is to-day. The inscription adopted by the parish for its seal reflects also the sentiment of all who cherish the memorials of earlier times, "Let the Work of our Fathers stand."

Well may we say with the Psalmist, "This is the hill where God desireth to dwell in ; yea, the Lord will dwell in it forever."

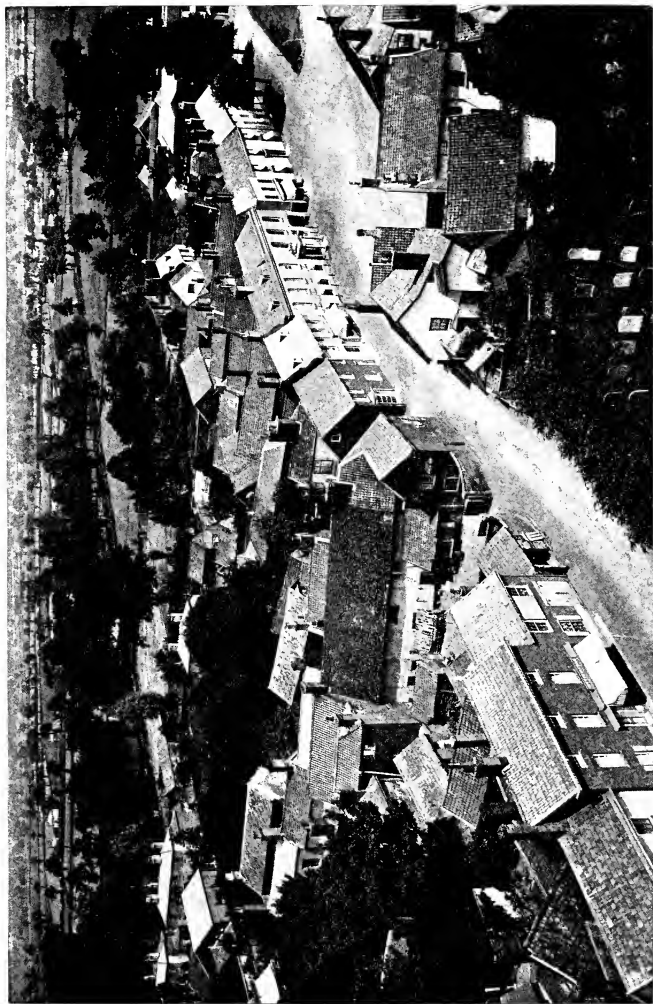
FRANCIS H. LINCOLN.

THE SETTLEMENT OF HINGHAM.

A FEW families are known to have come to the shores of Bare Cove in 1633, and are believed to have been the first settlers. Others came in 1634. The deed to the whole adjacent territory given by the Indians thirty years later fixes this as the year of the foundation. "Certain Englishmen," it tells us, "did come to inhabit in the days of Chickatabut, our father chief sachem, and by free consent of our father did set down upon his land in the year of our Lord God one thousand six hundred and thirty-four." In 1635 some forty-eight settlers came, and perhaps as many more in the next three years. Their names are given us upon a list, made by Mr. Cushing, the third town clerk, "of such persons as came out of the town of Hingham, and the towns adjacent, in the county of Norfolk, in the kingdom of England into New England and settled in Hingham." "The whole number who came out of Norfolk, chiefly from Hingham and its vicinity, from 1633 to 1639, and settled in Hingham," he tells us further, "was two hundred and six."

Probably somewhat enlarged by additions from other sources, this little company of perhaps two hundred and fifty souls apportioned land in 1635, settled a minister, "gathered a parish," built a meeting-house, erected their settlement into a Plantation, thus gaining representation in the General Court, and named their new home Hingham in love for the old home across the sea.

Practical considerations no doubt determined the selection of the site. The bay gave good fishing, and the flats yielded



A VIEW OF OLD HINGHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND, TAKEN FROM THE TOWER OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

plenty of shellfish. Then as now the low rolling hills stretched pleasantly inland from the harbor's edge. There were sightly and well sheltered building spots. The broad open spaces offered easy tillage and pasture. There was an abundant supply both of wood and of water. The site could be readily defended, and provided a convenient waterway to Boston, already a considerable town and well fortified. Not least of the advantages was a safe and sufficient anchorage in the landlocked harbor with the open sea just beyond it. Possibly another consideration may have had weight. The distance from Boston insured to the Plantation a considerable independence in the management of its own affairs. Such may well have been the reasons which led to the selection of the shallow bay at the lower end of what is now Boston Harbor for the site of the Plantation of New Hingham.

With this said, there remains the more interesting question what brought these people across the sea? Why did they leave well established homes in the old country to endure the dangers and discomforts of life on the edge of an untrodden wilderness? What tempted them to brave the little traveled and perilous North Atlantic? In short, what were the reasons for the migration? Although it cannot be briefly stated, the answer is plain. To understand it one must journey at least in fancy to far distant places and times, and see the erection of this plantation in the long perspective of history.

Our journey will take us over the sea to England, and from London northward and eastward through the wide level lands of Essex, and Suffolk, and Norfolk. The New Englander will find many names made familiar by long association, witnesses to the influence of this region upon early New England. Here are

Wrentham and Ipswich; there Stoneham, and Yarmouth, Boxford, Sudbury, and Lynn. Here, too, is the little town of Worstead, famed seven centuries ago for its woolen stuffs, a name that long since became a household word. The entire region has a character peculiar to itself. From the Thames on the south to the Wash on the north, these counties form a sort of promontory, which looks across the troubled Northern Sea to Holland and Belgium, countries which they much resemble. The wide marshlands are deserted and again flooded each day by the tide, and the far-famed Norfolk Broads call to mind the flat surfaces of the neighboring lowlands.

Not in appearance only is this promontory like the low countries. From them it drew some of its blood, and much of its spirit. This easternmost part of England has been called the hotbed of independency. It was one of the strongholds, if not the very stronghold, of that independent spirit which in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries established constitutional government in England, and planted it on the edge of the American wilderness.

Curious testimonies regarding the persistency of Norfolkshire independency are on record. In passing, two may be selected from many others. The Evangelist Wesley, writing a century after our period, said of Norwich, "Whatever be the color of their religious convictions, they do all dearly love a conflict." And a modern writer, tracing this independency through the later infusions of Flemish and Huguenot blood to the early Scandinavian settlement, ends sadly, "This spirit has persisted through all changes to the present time, causing Norfolk to be the greatest hotbed of nonconformity to be found to-day within the three seas."

It will be well briefly to trace back this Norfolkshire independence that we may see how deep buried its roots are in the past. In the very early days there are traces of Scandinavian settlement in this region. Later William the Conqueror brought over weavers from Flanders, who settled in Norwich and laid the foundation of the city's prosperity. Later by three centuries Edward the Third invited over Flemish artisans, who settled in Norwich and its vicinity. Their number was large, and they intermarried with the people. Later still, wherever these foreigners had settled there developed a stronghold of the Reformation, and later yet a center of this independency. Perhaps more potent than the infusion of foreign blood was the persistent influence and example of the foreigners. Through these centuries there was constant intercourse with the low countries, the nursery of European independency, and the foreigners in Norfolk and vicinity enjoyed substantial privileges that were denied to the people. So founded and fostered, this independency was shown in countless ways. To cite only one illustration, about 1360 Wycliffe spread a knowledge of the Bible. In the persecution which twenty years later overtook his followers more persons died at the stake in Norfolk than in all the other counties of England put together. Among the first was William Carman from Hingham. In short this eastern promontory of England was a region possessed from the earliest days of peculiar inheritances and influences. Norfolk was an important part of this region, Norwich was the center of it, and some sixteen miles out of Norwich lay the little town of Hingham.

The facts known to us about the Old Hingham of three centuries ago are like bits of a broken mosaic. Judged by themselves, though not without antiquarian interest, they have no

great meaning. Placed in their pattern, however, they take on a large significance and are seen to be part of a great design.

The mosaic into which the facts about Old Hingham should be fitted is no less than the history of England from 1600 to 1650, momentous years which witnessed the rise of modern democracy. The struggle for freedom it is true can be traced far back of this period. Judged broadly it is as old as time. But in this half century certain distinct democratic aspirations after freedom slowly took definite form and were securely established for all English speaking people. For our purposes modern democracy began in the last part of Elizabeth's reign, came more plainly into view in the reigns of James and Charles the First, and was permanently established in the Commonwealth under Cromwell. Emerging about 1600, modern democracy took definite form and grew in strength until it established constitutional government fifty years later. Such is the pattern of history into which the story of Hingham must be fitted to be understood. It was part of a great movement, the result of a vital struggle in human development.

Mighty human issues hung upon this contest. Absolute monarchies were rising on the continent. It was boldly said in James' Parliament, and probably with truth, that England was the only country in Europe where the people were fighting for their rights. The issue was clear-cut. On the one side were the common people, sometimes ignorant and mistaken, but doggedly persistent. The parish clergy often were with them, and a few of the bishops. On the other side was the Court, comprising the King, the nobles, and the higher clergy. The latter, themselves mostly of gentle birth and created by the Crown, naturally were devoted to its interests. The two parties were

fundamentally at variance. The Court neither understood nor sympathized with the rising democracy. Its conception of the state was wholly aristocratic, government from above downward. The people, impatient of these practices, were groping toward the modern conception that government rests upon the consent of the governed. The people desired to increase the powers of their Parliament. The Crown desired to govern without the Parliament, or with a Parliament made entirely docile. The people were feeling their way toward constitutional government. The Court was dreaming of absolute monarchy.

This fundamental disagreement must be kept in mind if the contest and its importance are to be understood. Unfortunately the issue is obscured by theological and ecclesiastical quarrels, and by the romantic appeals of the cavaliers and round-heads. To look on this controversy, however, as concerned primarily with churchly or philosophical matters is to profoundly mistake its meaning. Modern democracy, and nothing less, was emerging for its age-long struggle against absolutism and privilege. It is in this broad aspect of the contest that we are all alike interested.

To understand it we must lay aside our preferences for churchly ceremonials and definitions of religion. On these matters we differ. But about the desirability of a truly representative government, concerning the people's right to govern themselves, upon the principle that we will pay no taxes except those which we ourselves shall levy, about our freedom to think and act as we please, and to worship God as we deem helpful, on these essential underlying principles of democracy we all agree. In England there was a mighty difference of opinion about these matters between 1600 and 1650. Men fought for them to

the death and to the death men fought against them. It was for these great privileges of freedom that together with others the men of this eastern promontory were contending.

While the contest was so broad in its scope that it is difficult to show it in any brief compass, there were two points around which it clearly centered. The Church sought to suppress all right of private judgment and independent action. The Crown sought to tax the people without their consent. Upon these difficulties the conflicting parties met and met again. It may be profitable for us to look at two fairly typical instances where these differences are shown, and where the part played by the eastern promontory is also revealed.

The first instance shows the temper of the Church in regard to the freedom of the individual. Persecution of independently minded people gradually increased through the century preceding our period. We find a number of persons burned in Norwich and its vicinity. For example, in 1556 William Carman of Hingham is burned in Norwich for being "an obstinate heretic," and for having in his possession "a Bible, a Testament, and three Psalters in the English tongue." In 1593 the Lords passed a bill making it punishable by death merely "*To hold an opinion* contrary to the ecclesiastical establishment of the realm." The bill did not become law. Reflecting perhaps upon the difficulty of judging unexpressed opinions, the Commons amended it. As passed the law provided that, "Any person . . . *writing or saying* anything against the Crown in ecclesiastical causes . . . shall be imprisoned without bail [It should be remembered what the English prisons were at the time], . . . and at the end of three months shall be banished from the kingdom forfeiting all his goods and chattels, and the income

of his real estate for life. Persons refusing to leave, or returning, shall suffer death as felons." This was for *writing or saying anything* against the Crown in ecclesiastical matters. Here surely was government from above downward! That the eastern promontory did not take willingly to this procedure is shown by the comment of Sir Walter Raleigh. He held that there were no less than 20,000 persons in this vicinity to whom the law applied.

The next incident shows the temper of the Crown in the matter of taxation. It will be remembered that on the death of Elizabeth in 1603 James the First came to the throne. He reigned until 1624, when he was succeeded by Charles the First. During these years continual quarrels arose between the King and people over the right of the Crown to levy taxes without the consent of Parliament. For example, King James reproves the Parliament for asking him how the taxes had been expended. The Parliament then records its conviction that this matter is a part of its duty and proper privilege. For answer the King goes to the House of Commons and with his own royal hand tears from the Book of Records the pages on which the resolution is written.

The same struggle is shown in a stronger light some years later. King Charles sends soldiers to arrest the refractory members of Parliament. A member sees them coming, locks the door in their faces, and holds the speaker in his chair while the Commons passes the famous resolution, declaring that thereafter any man paying taxes levied without the consent of Parliament shall be considered an enemy to the liberties of England. This member was Sir Miles Hobart, representative from Norfolk.

Arrayed against this absolutism in Court and Church was

the people's independence. Widespread throughout all England, perhaps this independent spirit found its largest single expression in southeastern England in the little promontory where our interests are centered.

Curious incidents show how strong was this temper in Norfolk. In Norwich the citizens occasionally rang the church bells during the sermon time at the cathedral, and even interrupted the sermon with questions. We find Robert Brown, later known as the Father of Congregationalism, much in Norwich, where at last he was imprisoned. As early as 1580, his followers had considered migrating from Norfolkshire either to Scotland or the Island of Gurnsey in order to enjoy freedom of speech. John Robinson, who later led the Pilgrims from Austerfield and Scrooby to Holland, and who later yet helped on if he did not initiate their removal to Plymouth, was a settled minister of St. Andrew's Parish in Norwich between 1602 and 1607, where he may have been known to Robert Peck. Cromwell's mother was a Norwich woman, and Cromwell was much in this vicinity. Norfolk was one of the seven shires later associated for his support, and from Norfolk came many of his iron-sides.

Through these years the officials in Norfolk had hard work of it. Bishop Harsuet of Norwich, for example, is disliked by the people because he favors the Court, and by the Court for the contrary reason that he favors the people. In 1619 he is singularly accused of holding "both papistical and puritanical leanings." Evidently the poor bishop did what he could. In 1624 we find him thanking the bailiffs of Yarmouth, a short distance from Hingham, for closing conventicles. In the same year complaints are lodged against him in Parliament for suppressing sermons and lectures, exacting undue fees, persecuting parishioners who

refused to bow to the east, setting up images in the churches, and the like. He answers that these accusations proceed from the independents ("Puritans") whom he has vainly tried to suppress. As the conflict grew more bitter these difficulties increased.

Much more might be related to show the temper of independency and its expression in Norfolkshire. But this outline will serve as a background. With these facts in mind, let us look at one of the fragments of Hingham history that has survived these three centuries. We learn that in 1605 Robert Peck became minister of St. Andrew's Parish, Hingham, a conspicuous and influential position. The son of a country gentleman, who traced his ancestry back through twenty generations to an ancient Yorkshire family, he was born in Beccles, Suffolk, a short distance from Hingham, in the year 1580. Beccles had been made conspicuous by the burning of several heretics there a few years earlier. At the age of sixteen Peck entered Magdalene College, Cambridge University, then the academic center of the democratic movement, receiving his Bachelor's degree in 1599, and his Master's in 1603. It is to be noted that John Robinson was much in Cambridge until 1601, when he resigned his fellowship to take up his work in Norwich. The two men may well have been acquainted at the University. In his twenty-fifth year Peck was inducted into his first and only parish, which he served through many vicissitudes for fifty-three years until his death in 1658.

The contest which we have reviewed was at his doors. In the year of his settlement, 1605, five ministers were expelled from their parishes in the diocese of Norwich, all neighbors of Robert Peck, and undoubtedly known to him. Soon after John Robinson left Norwich for Scrooby. In 1615 Peck was himself reported

to Parliament for nonconformity and misdemeanors, in other words for his independency. We are told also that on one occasion the citizens of Norwich petitioned Parliament in his behalf.*

Before continuing with the Hingham history it is necessary to recall that in 1625 Charles the First succeeded his father. He early chose as an advisor William Laud, who became Archbishop of Canterbury. With him the struggle to make England conform was carried to its greatest lengths, and he early turned his attention to this eastern promontory.

Sir Nathaniel Brent had been sent down to hold a metropolitan visitation. We are told that "many ministers appeared without priests' cloaks and some of them suspected for nonconformity, but they carried themselves so warily that nothing could be gathered against them." Robert Peck is believed to have been among this number.

Such a condition of affairs was intolerable to Archbishop Laud, who now transferred Bishop Wren from Hereford to Norwich. This prelate's policy has survived in a single phrase, "Uniformity in doctrine and Uniformity in discipline." He began at once to enforce these uniformities and in the little more than two years of his administration "he caused no less than fifty godly ministers to be excommunicated, suspended, or deprived."

These fifty men would not read the Book of Sports in the churches as they were bidden. The book exhorted the people to play games on Sunday in Continental fashion, and was

* The writer has not been able to verify the statement, but regards it as probable.

Robert Peck married Anne Lawrence, whose father was "a reverend grave minister, a preacher to those who, fleeing for religion in Q. Marie's days, met together in woods and secret places as they could. He was a gentleman of great estate, and exceeding in liberality to the poor."



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, HINGHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND,
AS SEEN FROM THE RECTORY GROUNDS



THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PEWTER BAPTISMAL BASIN, OWNED BY THE FIRST
PARISH, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND BY THE FIRST SETTLERS.
IT HAS BEEN IN CONTINUOUS USE FOR NEARLY THREE CENTURIES.

abhorrent alike to the Sabbath-keeping people and clergy. They persisted in using "conceived" prayers in addition to the liturgy; that is, they offered prayers of their own composing, an offence strictly forbidden. They further stood at the desks instead of facing the communion table when they read. Their other misdemeanors were of a similar nature. Among those excommunicated was Robert Peck, now a man over fifty years of age.

When Bishop Wren, largely for his doings in Norfolk, was impeached before the Parliament two years later special mention is made of Robert Peck. The Bishop says in his defence: "It appears in the records of this House that Robert Peck had been complained of for misdemeanors, and that in 1616 and 1622 he was convicted for nonconformity." These statements show that through these years Robert Peck had been fighting for the rights of the people and had been brought to the attention of Parliament three times.

The Hingham story has many turnings. We must now look back to the earlier years of Peck's ministry. It may be noted in passing that in 1619 he baptized Samuel Lincoln, the fourth great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln. Fourteen years earlier, in 1605, he baptized a little baby who was destined to play a notable part in the lives of many Hingham people. This boy was Peter Hobart, a founder and the first minister of New Hingham. Robert Peck baptized him doubly, first into the fellowship of the faith and then into the Christian ministry.

Much might be said of the Hobart family with which Peter was connected. The member who held the Speaker of the House in his chair in the incident already cited was a Hobart. Sir Henry Hobart was Attorney General to James the First,

and afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The family was prominent in the region. Their altar tomb with its paneled sides, built in 1507, may still be seen in the nave of Norwich Cathedral. The fact that it survived the later sacking of the Cathedral is probably a proof of the standing of the family. Peter's kinship with these distinguished men has not been traced. Some kinship is probable, if not certain, and in temper he was truly related to them.

Peter was sent first to a grammar school, then to a Free School in Lynn, and thence to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1625, from the same college where Robert Peck had graduated twenty-two years earlier. Next he became a "teacher," delivering lectures and preaching. But because of his independence he had difficulty in securing a parish. Cotton Mather tells us that "his stay in England was attended with much unsettlement." Mather also adds this one mention of his wife: "Yet by the blessing of God on his diligence and by the frugality of his virtuous consort, he lived comfortably." In 1635, together with the others from Old Hingham and its vicinity, he migrated to New England, where he joined his father and a few other settlers who had established themselves about two years earlier on the shore of Bare Cove, now Hingham harbor.

While Hobart had been growing to manhood, the troubles between King and Parliament had deepened. Taxes had been levied without the Parliament's consent and collected by force. Archbishop Laud as we have seen had taken in hand the government of the churches. And events had been happening at Norwich that were no doubt much discussed in Old Hingham. The Dutch and Flemish people, we remember, had long been

established in Norwich and its neighborhood. For many years their independent churches had existed under a special grant of Edward the Third. Despite the royal grant, however, the Archbishop proceeded to close these churches. Rather than submit the Dutch and Flemish people migrated back across the sea to the low countries. Many hundred people, it is said, left Norfolkshire. Perhaps as many as four thousand left the vicinity of Norwich. The exodus resulted in great detriment to the city and to the region, for these men were expert weavers.

In short, a great harrying process was in progress. King James had said that he would harry the independents out of England. By continuing the process Charles hoped to make England an absolute monarchy, and by this same process the Archbishop hoped to establish absolute ecclesiastical authority. He was trying to build that dreaded "*Imperium in imperio*," the kingdom within the kingdom, which was so feared by our fathers.

The Archbishop was seeking to make the Church the supreme agency in the government. It is well for us to understand what this meant to individual liberty. He revived the ecclesiastical courts. He forbade the right of assembly. Men could not meet for an evening's talk without fear of examination and penalty. For such an offence we learn that Robert Peck and his people were disciplined in Hingham. Peck had been repeating the catechism with a group of his parishioners, and with them had sung a psalm. We learn also that "he had infected his parish with strange opinions." A man might be fined, exiled, perhaps banished or killed for like offences. It was for sound reasons that our fathers dreaded the "*imperium in imperio*."

The reasons for all the migration to the low countries and

to New England are rooted in this determination of the Archbishop and King to complete the work begun by King James, to harry all the Puritans out of England. However academic and shadowy this word "Puritan" may now have become, the King and Archbishop used it with broad inclusiveness. They meant literally to harry out of England all persons opposed to ecclesiastical courts and like institutions of tyranny civil or ecclesiastical, in short all who contended for a free and constitutional government. Under the name of Puritan they doubtless would have included every reader of this article, no matter what his shade of religious opinion or affiliation. It was while these difficulties were at their height that the first exodus took place from Old to New Hingham.

The immediate causes are at present unknown to us. For gathering in the rectory and singing a psalm together, as has been said, Bishop Wren had the culprits before him in the Church, and made them answer to each charge, "I do humbly confess my sin." The incident may well have played a part in their determination to migrate. Peck was a marked man, as was shown by the reports to Parliament, and by his "infection of the town with strange opinions." Hingham was under suspicion of liberality and independence. These considerations cannot fail to have had weight.

Probably the whole atmosphere of the time and place led naturally to the migration. Many people were leaving England. Cromwell, it is said, just missed coming to America. The Hingham people had seen the weavers driven out of Norwich and a rich industry laid in ruin. They had seen similar removals all around them. They well knew the meaning of the contest, and their cause at this time was deep in shadow. Beside migration

there was no other relief for independent men from the tyranny of Church and State. In 1635 the second company came out, and among them Peter Hobart.

These settlers of 1635, as the others probably had done before them, came from Charlestown by boat, and landing on the shore of what is now the mill pond, Peter Hobart offered prayer for the blessing of God upon the new settlement. This may be fairly called the beginning of the Plantation. Events quickly followed. Land was apportioned in the summer of 1635, and in October of the same year the name of Hingham was recognized by the General Court. Peter Hobart "gathered" the parish, and erected the first meeting-house, a log building surrounded with a palisade.

After the exodus conditions in Norfolkshire grew steadily worse. The Archbishop by this time had silenced the week-day lectures, confiscating their endowments; in many places he had abolished preaching; and he had revived ecclesiastical forms long disused and obnoxious to the people. On entering and leaving the churches the people were bidden to courtesy to the east, a practice unknown since the Reformation. Since the Reformation also the communion tables for the most part had stood in the broad aisles. The Archbishop now ordered them to be restored to the east end of the churches, and to be raised three feet above the chancel floors. To us this order seems harmless.

But to understand the bitter controversy which it provoked we must remember that our forefathers saw in this far more than a question of decorous public worship. When Governor Endicott, for example, cut out the cross from the English flag the act had many meanings. It surely was more than a question of

bunting and decoration. So the location of the communion tables contained meanings other than at first appear. The question then involved large political issues. For sound reasons it appeared to the fathers to be a matter of political liberty. The whole issue in short was grave and serious. There were open quarrels in the churches, protests from the Bishops, parliamentary commissions, petitions to Parliament, and a great ado.

It is now to be remembered that Robert Peck was a marked man, three times reported to Parliament, convicted of nonconformity. But to this order about the communion tables he could not submit. He not only refused to obey. He went further. He dug the floor of his chancel a foot below the floor of the church, and there placed his communion table, endeavoring to make it symbolic of humility. This was a daring and a last defiance flung in the face of an opposing power capable of crushing him. Having done this thing, for which if caught he would certainly have been imprisoned, he fled over the sea, joining his former parishioners and fellow townsmen in New Hingham, where Peter Hobart, who had grown up under him, and whom he had baptized doubly thirty-three years before, was now the minister. So, as Cotton Mather tells us, "This light having been by the persecuting prelates put under a bushel was, by the good providence of Heaven, fetched away into New England, where the good people of our Hingham did rejoice in the light for a season."

Robert Peck did not come alone. Many of the best families of Old Hingham came with him, about thirty in number. If one may hazard a comparison between the companies, the earlier comprised more men of Peter Hobart's generation, the last more men of Robert Peck's generation, men well established in Old

Hingham, in some instances probably the fathers of those who had come out in 1635. Blomfield, no friend to the Puritans, tells us in his history that these men came at great sacrifice, selling their possessions for half their value. Not a few in their coming showed that they still were possessed of affluence. For example, Joseph Peck, brother of Robert, brings his wife and two children, and with them three maids and two menservants, five servants for four people. Even to-day this would be considered luxurious ; for that time it was far more exceptional.

The names of these families, about one hundred and thirty in all, have become well known the whole land over. The names are as follows :

Jacob, Lincoln, Hobart, Cushing, Gibbs, Lane, Chubbuck, Austin, Baker, Bates, Betscome, Bozworth, Buckland, Cade, Cooper, Cutler, Farrow, Fop, Gould, Hersey, Hodsdin, Smith, Johnson, Large, Loring, Hewett, Liford, Ludkin, Morse, Nolton, Otis, Phippeny, Palmer, Porter, Rust, Smart, Strong, Tuttil, Walton, Andrews, Arnall, Bacon, Collier, Marsh, Martin, Peck, Osborn, Wakely, Gill, Ibrook, Cockerum, Cockerill, Fearing, Tucker, Beal, Eames, Hammond, Hull, Jones, Lobdin, Langer, Leavitt, Mott, Minard, Parker, Russell, Sprague, Strange, Underwood, Ward, Woodward, Winchester, Walker, Barnes, Cobbit, Clapp, Carlslye, Dimock, Dreuce, Hett, Joshlin, Morrick, Nichols, Paynter, Pitts, Shave, Turner, Tower, Gilman, Foulsham, Chamberlain, Bates, Knights, James, Buck, Payne, Michell, Sutton, Moore, Allen, Hawke, Ripley, Benson, Lawrence, Stephens, Stodder, Wilder, Thaxter, Hilliard, Price, Burr, Whiton, Lazell, Stowell, Garnett, and Canterbury.

Here then were some one hundred and thirty families transplanted from the level country of that eastern promontory, from the broad and fertile Norfolk fields, the comfort of well established homes, the simple and pleasing dignity of Old Hingham, to the sandy soil, the shallow harbor, the hardship and desolation of the remote wilderness, to the frontier edge of an untrodden continent. This is something worth pondering on. Search the

records as we may the plainer becomes the fact that the predominating motive which brought them here was the love of liberty. They were moved by that spirit of democracy which in ever increasing strength has been slowly changing the face of the world, and whose greatest single expression is found to-day in our Republic. They believed, as the fourth great-grandson of Samuel Lincoln described democracy, in government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." And the Hingham Plantation in those early days contributed in no small measure to the formation of that spirit of New England independency which later so largely shaped our national institutions.

The story of the exodus, however, must not merge into the history of the Hingham Plantation, which happily still continues. Perhaps no better ending can be given this narrative than to follow the life of Robert Peck to its close. New Hingham made him the co-laborer with Peter Hobart, curiously enough reordaining him to this office. Many New England parish pulpits were thus "double-barreled." In this capacity he served New Hingham for three years, living on the land now owned by the First Parish just to the south of the Old Meeting House.

Meantime in England the mighty storm of protest and rebellion was gathering. King Charles was forcing the Parliament to arms. The beginnings of the Commonwealth were appearing. The King and Archbishop could not heed the independency of a Norfolk minister, no matter how flagrant. So in 1641 the people of Old Hingham urged Robert Peck to return to them. Peck's successor had reported that the people were "very factious, resorting to other Churches." The last exodus of 1638 had indeed left the town in a pitiable condition. A curious petition, still preserved in manuscript in the Bodleian Library at

Oxford, sets forth the pathetic straits to which the community had been reduced, and gives a picture of the times that is worth noting.

It is addressed to "the Right Honorable the Knights, Burgresses and Cittizens of the House of Commons," and is entitled, "The humble peticon of the Inhabitants of the poore ruinated towne of Hingham." It "in most humble wise sheweth" how Robert Peck had for thirty and two years been discharging the office of faithful pastor, "being a learned, godly, loving, peaceful and painful minister, a man so unblameable in his life and doctrine that no just offence in either could ever be found concerning him." It tells how he was excommunicated for not appearing in person before the Chancellor of the Diocese, how when he sought reinstatement he must sign "certain new Articles," how on his refusal the Bishop took away his living, "and put in Curates to the vexation of the parson and parishioners." "About a year and a half after they deprived him under a pretence of non-residency; yet he did always abide where he had so long lived, having had such a care of his charge in religion and civil affairs, that the people were able to maintain their poor and to help other towns, as neighboring Townes can well witnesse."

The petition next touches on the reasons for the exodus. "The minister being driven away, and forced in his old age to flee to seek his peace, and diverse of the inhabitants put to great loss and charges by the Chancellor and other ecclesiastical officers, some for going to a neighboring towne to hear a godly minister preach, and most of them for building a mount in the east end of the Chancel, and of observing ceremonies to which they were inforced; (it transpires that) Most of the able inhabitants have forsaken their dwellings, and have gone several ways for their peace and quiet, and the towne is now left and like to

be in misery by reason of the meanness of the (remaining) inhabitants."

The petition relates recent difficulties and ends with one most illuminating incident that occurred some time after the exodus. A fair was held in the town on St. Matthias Day. A neighboring minister, Mr. Vylett, was asked to preach. "Amongst other godly exhortations he did wish the people to make use of the means of grace for (he said) some lights are gone out of this land." For this reference to Robert Peck and his associates Vylett was immediately deprived of his right to preach, and had to make two journeys up to London before he could be reinstated.

The petition ends with "humbly craving redresse, that Mr. Peck our old minister may be by law and justice of this Court reduced to his old possession."

As the date when this petition was submitted to Parliament is unknown, it probably was about 1640, we cannot tell what direct connection it had with Peck's return. But he is believed to have left New Hingham in 1641. "The invitation of his friends at Hingham in England," Cotton Mather tells us, "persuaded him to return unto them; where, being thought a great person for stature, yet a greater for spirit, he was greatly serviceable for the good of the Church." It could have been no easy thing for him to have returned to "the poor ruinated towne," whence most of his friends had fled. But he went back to take up again his interrupted ministry, and to bear his part in the approaching conflict. There can be no doubt that thorough research in England would bring to light more concerning both Peck and his associates.

The times had dealt hard with the Bishop of Norwich, suc-

cessor to the Bishop who had persecuted Robert Peck. The citizens had sacked his palace, had burned his papers and books in front of the cathedral, and stripped alike of his private fortune and emoluments and broken in health the poor bishop took refuge in Old Hingham, where both he and Robert Peck lived for the remainder of their lives.

One last incident of Peck's ministry must be mentioned. In 1654 he was appointed on a Parliamentary Commission to "eject the scandalous, ignorant, and inefficient ministers and schoolmasters of Norfolk and Norwich." Perhaps this was not an uncongenial task!

He died in 1658, and, as he himself directed in his will, was buried "beside my wife and near my church." His will, it is pleasant to note, breathes a suggestion of plenty. He speaks of "My message, with all its edifices, yeards, and orchards, also enclosures and barns adjoining." He speaks also of "my lady-close," possibly a part of some convent land. Evidently his last years were spent in comfort, perhaps even in affluence. On his death he had served his parish for fifty-three years, of which three years had been given to this section that had removed itself across the sea.

The happenings at New Hingham in themselves form a story of no small significance. But we are concerned here only with the causes which led to the erection of this Plantation. When these causes ceased to be operative, that is, when the monarchy fell and the Commonwealth under Cromwell came into power, immigration to New England wholly ceased. For the next two centuries there was little growth in the New England Colonies except that which came by their own natural development. No more convincing proof could be shown that combined as it was

with many others the main motive of the immigration was the love of freedom.

We are confronted to-day with rapidly shifting conditions. A newer New England is supplanting the old. Customs and traditions are being established among us which, if not hostile to our democratic spirit, are alien to it. This is because some of our newer and older citizens alike are often ignorant of our history and of the heroic service by which the men of the older time purchased our freedom. Surely we can most profitably remember the history of the New England settlements. And by no means least among them is the story of the erection of this free Plantation of New Hingham. Unless deep disappointment awaits those who hope that the newer New England will become more truly democratic and better than was the older New England, our newer New England must attain to a larger measure of individual liberty than did the old. This can best be brought to pass, not by forgetting the work of the forefathers, but by looking unto the rock whence we were hewn.

LOUIS C. CORNISH.

THE HOME MEADOWS.

PARALLEL with the broad, elm-shaded main street of Hingham lies a stretch of salt marsh, which is one of the most picturesque features of this interesting old town. Ages ago the harbor, the green surfaces of which at low tide show us that the process of filling up is still going on, must have extended inland more than half a mile further than it does at present; but now the tide-flow is restricted to a meandering stream which winds among great fields of waving grass, after the fashion of the small, sluggish rivers of the English counties of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, from the borders of which our early settlers came; and it was, possibly, the suggestion of the dear fen-country at home that made the pioneers choose the English name for this town in memory of the place of their birth, to which their hearts turned fondly in their lonely, struggling days.

When the flood-gates at the harbor are shut, and a broad sheet of water stretches from bank to bank, one understands that all this shallow, marshy land must have risen slowly from the depths, — the product of the wash of the neighboring hills retained by floating marine vegetation, until, little by little, it became firm enough to afford a lodging for the seeds of the marsh grasses which now cover it so luxuriantly during the dry summer months.

In whichever of their changing phases the Hingham meadows choose to show themselves, they are always a delight to the eye, and afford pictures which every artist rejoices in, both for the wealth of color of the grass and bordering trees,

and the graceful lines of the wandering stream and its adjacent slopes.

On the west the marsh is bounded by low wooded hills dotted with oaks and maples. There are miniature bays and capes, promontories and peninsulas along the edges; and, from the time when the red oaks are tipped with warm color in the spring till they deepen in the late autumn into rich crimson and russet, there is a continual melting of one lovely tone into another upon these waving tree masses, with their undulating sky line, which is full of beauty.

On the eastern shore lie fruit orchards, which in May are flushed with pink, or snowy with sheets of white blossoms, that contrast admirably with the tender young green of the lines of waving willows along the country road. The meadow has its exquisite youth, like a maiden, and in its early spring promise is suggestive of girlhood and hope and tenderness. There is a melting softness in its aspect when, under the blue skies flecked with round white clouds, it awakens from its brown winter sleep, and decks itself with delicate tints for its late May day. The stream is blue and shining, and reflects the earliest dawn; the orchards are rosy; the trees, a pale emerald-green; the white gulls come flying in from the sea, calling to each other; and now and then a solitary heron stands solemnly on one leg and looks at his reflection in the water. The little houses at the harbor, which have all winter stood up in hard outline among the bare trees, now begin to hide amid shimmering foliage, which casts soft shadows upon their white and yellow walls. From the tall chimney of the power-house the smoke waves like a banner celebrating the coming of spring.

Later, all these gay tints are merged in a rich luscious green

of but slightly varied hue. Taller and taller grow the rank grasses as the stream sinks lower. The woods are in full, dark leaf; the apple blossoms have fallen; the little houses are almost hidden, and the frequent summer trains go shrieking across the lower end of the meadow, filling the air with rolling clouds of white and umber.

Then comes August, when the hues of the sedges begin to shade from green to yellow-brown in patches of rich, warm color; and the meadow takes on a fresh glory. Late in the month come the mowers with their carts; and the tall windrows fall in heavy heaps, while the usually still plain is alive with moving forms, swinging the scythes in rhythm. The loads are piled high upon the ricks, the horses labor over the soft surface, and the human interest of the scene adds a fresh charm to the lonely level stretches. After the crop is removed, there are rich hues of ochre and crimson upon the meadow, which harmonize with the gold and scarlet which begins to burn in the woodland. An autumn haze softens the landscape, and gives to it something mysterious and entrancing. Between the two loveliest aspects of the marshes — the promise of the spring and the ripe splendor of the autumn — one can hardly choose, each has so potent an attraction.

Even in winter there is great beauty in the broad white plain, all snow and ice, like an arctic wilderness. Skaters come and go in merry groups over the flooded icy surface; fishermen spearing for eels are seen working over holes in the ice; the pale sky and the madder-tinted woods make a new combination of color in the kaleidoscope, so that there is always a pleasant picture for the eyes of those whose good fortune it is to command a view of this beautiful scene.

The harbor lies north of the marshes; and the stream empties into it through flood-gates, where it is utilized to turn a mill. From this direction, looking southward up the meadow, one sees its fine surface unbroken, till it is checked by the sudden rise of the land at the south to the plain where the central village stands. From the high ground at that end the view is most beautiful; for the whole sinuous course of the stream lies mapped before the eye, the group of houses at the harbor becomes but a detail, and over and beyond them one sees the masts of shipping on the blue line of the sea, and at nightfall catches the flashing glimpses of Boston light glowing like a great star on the distant horizon, while the lights of passing steamboats flash like fire-flies in the darkness.

Long before the sun rises in the summer, one can see the pools in the meadow shining like an open eye, reflecting the coming dawn; and the pale light lingers in its quiet reaches long after the rest of the landscape is plunged in shadow. Always its calm beauty has its message of quietness and peace to the thoughtful mind. The hurrying trains may break in for a moment upon its tranquil solitude with a suggestion of the anxious, hurried life outside from which it lies so remote, but these are but an incident in its continuous and abiding restfulness.

Far from

“The weariness, the fever, and the fret”

of our troubled times this lovely scene lies in ever-changing beauty, unvexed by the restless men who come and go beside it.

There is a meaning in it, something placid and comforting which imparts the blessing of quiet Nature to the anxious mind.

“Over the level
And streaming and shining on
Silent river,
Silvery willow,
 .
 .
 .
Slideth the gleam.”

Even so the light which emanates from the silent Hingham meadows, when all is dark around, seems to suggest the reflection of the light of heaven in the patient soul.

MARY C. ROBBINS.

A town has reason to be proud when she can claim as her children and grandchildren such men as John Hancock, Andrews Norton, Charles Eliot Norton, William Ware, Richard Henry Stoddard, Levi Lincoln, Albert Fearing, Isaac Hinckley, and the three members of the Gay family, — Sidney Howard, Allan, and Walter Gay. Among the names of those who trace their ancestry to Hingham are Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner. Three of her citizens have held executive office in the Commonwealth — General Benjamin Lincoln, lieutenant-governor in 1789; John A. Andrew, born in Maine, governor in 1861-2-3-4-5, and John D. Long, also born in Maine, governor in 1880-1-2.

DERBY ACADEMY.

IN the latter part of the last century the establishment of schools and academies was much the fashion of the time. Their endowment was a popular means of devoting private funds to the general welfare for the promotion of higher education in New England. Some survive and flourish, some have waned, and some have disappeared altogether, unable to attract pupils in competition with the more ample public funds appropriated to the support of free high schools. It was during the period when schools were being founded quite frequently in New England that Mrs. Sarah Derby decided to devote a considerable portion of the property acquired from her first husband, Dr. Ezekiel Hersey, a distinguished physician in his native town of Hingham, to the establishment of a school. She also was a native of Hingham, and was born April 18, 1714. Her portrait hangs on the wall of the school.

In 1784 Madam Derby conveyed to ten trustees the land upon which the academy building stands, to be used for such a purpose after her death; but for the more effectual execution of their trust, and in accordance with the terms of that trust, the said trustees obtained from the General Court an Act of Incorporation of the "Derby School" Nov. 11, 1784.

Madam Derby died June 17, 1790. She made liberal provisions in her will for the benefit of the school; and it was opened April 5, 1791.

The Massachusetts policy of granting lands in Maine to academies made it for the pecuniary advantage of the "school"



"THE ACADIAN HOUSE."

DERBY ACADEMY.

to be an incorporated "academy;" and on June 17, 1797, the "Derby School" was erected into an academy by the name of "Derby Academy" by an act of the General Court.

From the date of the opening of the school in 1791 until the present time it has continued to furnish instruction to such pupils as have "resorted to it" in varying numbers. At first the male and female pupils were taught separately in separate rooms,—the boys by a preceptor and the girls by a preceptress; but since 1849, partially, and since 1852, wholly, the boys and girls have been taught together.

The building which was upon the land at the time of Madam Derby's death was used for school purposes until 1818, when the present building was erected.

In accordance with the provisions of Madam Derby's will a sermon, known as the "Derby Lecture," is preached annually to the scholars of the academy. For many years Lecture Day was a notable occasion. The girls in white dresses and the boys in white trousers formed a procession, headed by a band of music, and marched from the academy to the New North Church. The way was lined with spectators and the church filled.

The funds of the academy amount to about \$30,000.

Several attempts were made by the town and the trustees, before the establishment of a public high school in Hingham, to formulate some plan by which the academy might serve the purposes of a high school, as required by the laws of the Commonwealth; but no satisfactory conclusions were arrived at. The long delay of the town in establishing a high school, which was opened in 1872, caused this academy to be the school where, up to that time, almost every boy who was fitted for college in Hingham received much of his classical education, and where

nearly all who received any other education than the common schools could give them obtained it. Many a generation will owe its intellectual advancement to the seed sown in the minds of its ancestors within the walls of Derby Academy.

Last year the old academy was renovated with new floors and desks and paint, its fireplaces opened, and its walls colored. It is now a most attractive type of the quaint antique buildings in town.

FRANCIS H. LINCOLN.



In the public library at Hingham Centre are some interesting and valuable collections, including a general collection of the minerals of the world, a paleontological collection, and a geological collection comprising specimens of all the rocks of Hingham. These were the gift of the late Thomas T. Bouvé, whose memory Hingham is proud to cherish.



MADAME DERBY.



DR. EZEKIEL HERSEY.

SOME CHANGES IN HINGHAM.

HAVING boarded in Hingham during the two or three previous summers I built my house there in 1869 and have lived there ever since. During that time I have seen it change from an almost purely New England village into a cosmopolitan community. There was then no Catholic or Episcopal church. The foreign born were few — mostly thrifty hard-working Irishmen who had been driven from their native isle during the previous twenty years by the famine and the oppression which had cursed it — men of strong natural parts who took to the soil, but not in that generation to politics.

In the town-meetings the citizens who led and did the talking were all of the original New England stock. To-day the children and grandchildren of the immigrants from Erin, with the natural fluency of speech of their race, are at the front, trained in our schools, furnishing a majority of our school children, active in all the professions and indoor businesses, prominent in political organization and representation, and spokesmen at the town meeting. The Catholic is the only crowded church attendance in town. Of late in one quarter of the village there is a numerous colony of Italians, doing the rough work which the Irishmen did fifty years ago, and they also are in evidence in the lighter indoor trades and shop keeping. There are families of German, Scandinavian, and other nationalities.

The man who can trace his ancestry back to the early settlers has no longer the prestige on which he used to pride himself. In the old days anybody who came from outside the town border was

at a disadvantage. When I built my house, desiring to patronize home institutions, I went to the local insurance company for insurance. The dignified old gentleman, a little deaf, who was its secretary and who made me use a slate and pencil, though I felt sure he could have heard what I said, immediately turned me down, alleging that my house was too remote. In fact it is within five minutes walk of the hotel, churches, railroad station and the shops. I could see at once that he regarded me as a young snipper-snapper and interloper with a red necktie and not worthy of admission into the sacred circle. A story is told of a citizen who in those days said of another "he a Hingham man! Why, I can remember when his grandfather moved into this town."

In 1869 there was of course the railroad as far only as Cohasset on one side and Boston on the other. But the time-honored passage to the city was by the steamboat line. It had been in operation for nearly half a century, and prior to that time the packet. The stage coach was of even remoter date. To-day stage coach, packet, and steamboat are all things of the past. Even the steamboat wharf, once a lively scene, is turned into a private park, rarely a foot treading on its green turf. In my early residence here, there were two steamboat lines, each with several boats. At one time there was a very lively competition between them. Fares were reduced; they raced; doubts about each others boilers were expressed, and partisanship was keen. Everybody went "on the boat." And a very delightful trip to and from Boston it was—an hour or more of smooth water, now and then enveloped in a precarious fog, a cool refreshing breeze, picturesque headlands, islands, lighthouses and forts in the harbor, steamers and sailing-vessels passed or met with sonorous whistles,

and always a cheery company of permanent or summer residents, men on business bound, women shopping, school children, all gathered in their varied costumes on the decks and telling stories, discussing politics, singing, smoking or what not. It was a daily social neighborly commingling and one of the characteristic features of Hingham life. We had some quaint characters among us then whose shrewd and humorous sayings became household words. All this has gone.

Indeed Hingham harbor to-day suggests nothing of its ancient glory and activity. Before the days of railroads it had its packets and sloops and was a commercial depot of supplies which were thence distributed from it into the interior Plymouth County towns. The "Cove," as it was and is still called, was alive with ship stores, sail lofts, fish houses, shops now converted into tenements, and it was the source of many a comfortable fortune. The fishing industry was greater at one time than that of Gloucester, some seventy vessels, captained and manned by Hingham men, engaged in it. I saw the last of the schooners lie rotting on the flats in front of my house forty years ago. In place of this industry have come the pleasure boats and small yachts, which dot the bay, if the tide is in, with their white sails on summer afternoons. A pretty yacht club house has taken the place of a fish house.

On the top of Old Colony Hill was the "Old Colony House," a spacious hotel commanding a magnificent view and filled with summer guests who enlivened its broad piazzas with their groupings and the highways with their carriages. It was burnt in the seventies and has never been rebuilt. There was no access, except by the road through Rocky Nook, to Nantasket Beach. Its present huddle of cottages and resorts and bath-houses and

shows was not then even a dream. There were only the cliffs and the beach and the great ocean expanse, with but a residence or two, and one great summer hotel. Then it was rest; now it is hubbub.

At Crow Point thirty years ago no building except a sheepcot was on that charming stretch of shore, sightly hills rising from the beach and affording lovely residential sites. A few years later Mr. Samuel Downer, of Dorchester, a man of ample means and generous public spirit, saw its capabilities, bought it and at once transformed it into an attractive summer resort. His purpose was not one of profit but of providing within easy access from Boston a place where its citizens, having a pleasant steamboat trip down the harbor, could have playgrounds, picnics, amusements and rest. He instituted extensive clambake houses, large airy dance halls, swings, parkways, woodsy retreats, a fine restaurant, a summer hotel on the beach. Sometimes on a Sunday he preached a sermon. He called his recreation ground Melville Gardens and the whole place Downer Landing, a name, however, which has now given way to the original and much better old name of Crow Point. Steamboats made frequent trips, and for years it was a scene of merry and brilliant concourse, the music of the band floating out over the sea and shore. Every step was taken for good order and the absence of anything like riot or intoxication.

Since Mr. Downer's death, all this public provision has been abandoned. All the halls and recreation buildings have been taken down, and the whole Point is now devoted to private residences, with their lovely view of sea and shore, their golf grounds and pretty gardens. It is a delightful residential spot.

Referring to changes in names, the most striking instance of

such a change is the change in the name of the town itself. Its original name in 1633 was either Bear Cove derived from the presence at that time of some native bruin or more probably Bare Cove from the bareness of the harbor flats at low tide. The change was made Sept. 2, 1635, by the General Court in the following words: "The name of Bare Cove is changed and hereafter to be called Hingham," — probably the shortest act of municipal incorporation in the annals of Massachusetts, if not of the world.

The great event each fall used to be the agricultural fair. All the summer residents and the whole town were in attendance and crowds from the surrounding country. It lasted two days. A hundred yoke of oxen in line were an imposing array. To-day there is probably not even a steer within our borders. The fair grounds were picturesque with booths and shows and ploughing matches and games and streamers and costumes. The school children had a holiday and were out in force. On the second day a procession was formed, led by the Hingham brass band, now extinct, not even a ghost of its clarion or rubadub hovering over the spot. A chief marshal, a new one every year so that the honor might go round, mounted and glorious, gave orders that nobody heeded. At the front were the venerable Albert Fearing, founder and president of the society, Solomon Lincoln, Esq., its secretary and Hingham's historian, the selectmen and magnates of the municipality, and the invited guests, chief among whom was of course the governor of the Commonwealth, with sometimes members of his bedizened staff, and the orators of the occasion, and then the dinner ticket holding citizens with their wives. Round the great hall, now converted into the town house, the procession moved. Then between rows of onlookers

it marched into the spacious dining-room. There a bounteous rural dinner was spread. Upon a raised dais sat the elect, while on the floor every seat at the tables was taken and the room filled with the general public. Dr. Loring, "a fine figure of a man," eloquent and pleasing, was a frequent speaker, as was always Judge Thomas Russell, who sang the praises of the Pilgrim fathers and of his native county of Plymouth. The governor gave the usual platitudinous compliments. Other visiting speakers cracked the old chestnuts, which were received with as hearty applause as if they were brand new, and rang the changes on General Lincoln and Governor Andrew as if we had never before heard their praises, till their names became almost as tiresome to us as that of Aristides the Just to the wearied Athenian.

All that scene is over and gone. Indeed few of the distinctive peculiarities that then marked the town remain. Having then few factory industries, and those now abandoned, its interests are now largely linked with the metropolis of Boston, a large number of our citizens doing business there, going to it in the morning and returning at night. Fifty years ago there were distinct traces of the bitter ancient feud, really political and social and not in any way religious or theological, which led to the break in the old meeting-house society and the institution of the New North Society in 1806. But to-day it is obliterated, and the two streams flow in complete harmony, only delighted with each others placid current.

Half a century ago you were conscious of a sort of local clannish separation between sections of the town, Broad Bridge at the railroad station, then further south in succession, Little Plain, Great Plain, Liberty Plain. But now even these names

are familiar only to the older inhabitants. The electric railway has tied all parts together. Especially of late years, with the easy connection now of all with quick access to Boston, the vacant building spots have been built upon and the old farm homes bought and renovated by incomers from the city who have thus found more delightful and less expensive residence than there. The town has thus become a sort of honeymoon paradise for newly-married couples who set up their tents among us. In our church attendance, our social meetings, our clubs, our political and local rallies I find a mingling of faces that are recent and unfamiliar. One result of all this is an increasing coalescence of all members of our community, a democratic spirit in which all come together, a degree of common feeling and interest and an absence of partisan and social distinctions (yet with entire freedom and often earnest individual expression of differences of opinion), which happily more and more characterize Hingham. Neighborhood good nature and helpfulness prevail.

Our recent and public-spirited Village Improvement Society is doing admirable work in bettering and beautifying the aspect of the town and preserving its ancient charm. And a chime of bells, fitly connected with the old meeting-house burying-ground, will soon from a monumental tower ring back and in the old, without ringing out the new.

In short, it is all a part of the expansion that is going on all over our Commonwealth. It is the transition from limited and localized life to cosmopolitan enlargement. The facile faucet has supplanted the pump and the half-the-time dry well, and now floods us with pure water from the border of the metropolitan

district. Instead of the malodorous kerosene lamp the electric light illumines our houses and streets with a current from the neighboring town. The ubiquitous automobile is monarch of the highway. Indeed, we are substantially a part of the metropolitan district. Already the tentacles of Boston are feeling their way to grip us and make us one of its suburbs.

But Hingham individuality is by no means gone. Where else could the illustrious Independent Corps of Cadets, surpassed only by our own admirable Co. K, exhibit their white uniforms or pitch their white tents better than on the field on the border of our bay over which their music sounds; or where could the crowds they attract find so charming a background for their gala attire and fine equipage? Where else are there two such houses of religious worship as the "Old Meeting House," built in 1681, the oldest in the country, quaint and simple, our Puritan pride, and the "New North," of which Bulfinch was the architect, with its original pews of clear broad pine, its wealth of light and spacings, and its architectural perfection inside and outside, and in which Jotham Burrell was sexton and rang the bell for sixty years—the longest term of that kind of service in town? Where else can you turn from the shore of the inflowing sea, around which are charming residences ancient and modern, and, driving up the broad main street overshadowed with the foliage of noble elms, find yourself almost at once in the delight of old rural New England, the way further on broadening to a width of two hundred feet, bordered by quiet comfortable homes and low-roofed farm-houses, a church steeple overtopping the scene, and then, stretching back of these, soft fields and woods and hillsides and the meadow through which runs a lazy brook, so that apace

you feel yourself far away from the bustling world and that around you is the almost still untouched paradise of the old Puritan country life?

Not all is changed.

JOHN D. LONG.

It was customary in many New England towns, until comparatively modern times, to pay the minister in produce rather than in cash. The schedules thus made out are often interesting reading. One such, dating back to the last century, is here reproduced.

Articles which Mr. Wares Salary was Voted to be estimated on, viz. :

600 lb. Ox Beef at 20/	£6 0 0
400 lb. Pork at /4	6 13 8
400 lb. Fresh or small meat at /2½	4 3 4
20 Cords Oak Wood at 12/	12 0 0
10 Barrels Cyder at 6/	3 0 0
100 lb. Candles at /8	3 6 8
150 lb. Butter (Home made) at /8	5 0 0
200 lb. Sugar at 48/	4 16 0
15 Galls. Molasses at 1/9	1 6 3
2 Bls. Flour at 30/	3 0 0
4 Tons English Hay for Cow and Horse at 48/	9 12 0
Keeping a Cow & Horse in the Summer	4 4 0
150 lb. Cheese at /4½	2 16 3
45 Bushls. Home grown Corn at 4/	9 0 0
20 do., Rye do., do. at 4/	4 0 0
House Rent near the Meeting House	12 0 0
Maids Wages by the year	5 6 8
for Cloathing, Superfine Broadcloth to be estimated on at 30/ per yard	38 15 2
	<hr/> £135 0 0

HINGHAM FARMS.

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WHERE, then, should a man live? I will make answer only for myself, and say, Here in Hingham, right where I am, for here the sky is round and large, the evening and the Sunday silences are deep, the dooryards are wide, the houses are single, and the neighborhood ambitions are good kitchen gardens, good gossip, fancy chickens, and clean paint.

The ideal home depends very much, of course, on the home you had as a child, but I can think of nothing so ideally home-like as a farm, — an ideal farm, ample, bountiful, peaceful, with the smell of apples coming up from the cellar, and the fragrance of herbs and broom-corn haunting store-room and attic.

The day is past when every man's home can be his farm, dream as every man may of sometime having such a home; but the day has just arrived when every man's home can be his garden and chicken-pen and dooryard, with room and quiet and trees.

The day has come, for the means are at hand, when life, despite its present centralization, can be more spread out, roomier, simpler, healthier, more nearly normal, because lived nearer to the soil. It is time that every American home was built in the open country, for there is plenty of land — land in my immediate neighborhood for a hundred homes where children can romp, and your neighbor's hens, too, and the inter-neighborhood peace brood undisturbed. And such a neighborhood need

not be either the howling wilderness, where the fox still yaps, or the semi-submerged suburban village, where every house has its Window-in-Thrums.

Though to my city friends I seem somewhat remote and inconspicuous, still I am not dissevered and dispersed from my kind, for I am only twenty miles from Boston Common, and as I write I hear the lowing of a neighbor's cows, the voices of his children as they play along the brook below, and off among the fifteen square miles of tree-tops that fill my front yard, I see two village spires. I often look at those spires, and as often think of the many sweet trees that wave between me and the tapering steeples, where they look up to worship toward the sky, and look down to scowl across the street.

Any lover of the city could live as far out as this; could live here and work there. I have no quarrel with the city as a place to work in. Cities are as necessary as wheat-fields and as lovely, too — from twenty miles away, or from Westminster Bridge at daybreak. The city is as a head to the body, the nervous centre where the multitudinous sensations are organized and directed, where the multitudinous and inter-related interests of the round world are directed. The city is necessary; city work is necessary; but less and less is city living necessary.

Let a man work where he will, or must; let him live where only the whole man can live — in a house of his own, in a yard of his own, with something green and growing to cultivate, something alive and responsive to take care of; and let it be out under the sky of his birthright, in a quiet where he can hear the wind among the leaves, and the wild geese as they *honk* high overhead in the night to remind him that the seasons have changed, that winter is following down their flying wedge.

As animals (and we are entirely animal) we are as far under the dominion of nature as any ragweed or woodchuck. But we are entirely human, too, and have a human need of nature, that is, a spiritual need, which is no less real than the physical. We die by the million yearly for lack of sunshine and pure air; and who knows how much of our moral ill-health might be traced to our lack of contact with the healing, rectifying soul of woods and skies?

A man needs to see the stars every night that the sky is clear. Turning down his own small lamp, he should step out into the night to see the pole star where he burns or "the Pleiads rising through the mellow shade."

One cannot live among the Pleiads; one cannot even see them half of the time; and one must spend part of one's time in the mill. Yet never to look for the Pleiads, or to know which way to look, is to spend, not part, but all of one's time in the mill.

So now, when a reasonable day's work is done, I turn homeward to the farm; and these early autumn nights I hang the lantern high in the stable, while four shining faces gather round on upturned buckets behind the cow. The lantern flickers, the milk foams, the stories flow — "Bucksy" stories of the noble red man; stories of Arthur and the Table Round, of Guyon and Britomart, and the heroes of old; and marvelous stories of that greatest hero of them all — their father, far away yonder when he was a boy, when there were so many interesting things to do, and such fun doing them!

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

SOME HINGHAM GARDENS.



HINGHAM people all love their gardens, and devote much attention to them, and however small the enclosure in front of the houses, it is almost sure to be enlivened by gay beds of bloom, and to show evidence of loving care. The traditional old-fashioned flowers have the preference, and some of the shrubs and perennials we like to think of as descending from old Colonial ancestors.

Near the station the well kept garden of Mrs. Soule has always charmed the eye, and those on the main street of Mrs.

Thaxter, Mr. Morris F. Whiton, Mrs. Spooner, and Mrs. Martin Hayes, with that of the late Frederick Guild, Esq., attract attention to their summer blaze of brilliant flowers, always carefully tended. At South Hingham the gardens of Mr. Henry W. Cushing and Mr. Pridee are most attractive. The rambling old garden of Mrs. Robbins' at Overlea used to have a charm of its own, inherited from generations of Cushings, but now that the owner is absent, and it is cared for only by tenants, it is no longer the same, though its box arbor of over

a hundred years' growth, its masses of purple and Persian lilacs and syringas, its tall white lilac trees, its blossoming shrubberies, and its grand old elms shading the highway, give it an air of ancient occupation, without any pretension to careful arrangement.

At Hingham Centre, on the brow of the hill, with a fine distant view from it of the salt meadows is the beautiful garden of Mrs. Hatch; and the cheery beds of Mr. Ebed L. Ripley and Mr. Pratt, and other lovers of flowers, also adorn that part of the town.

The really large gardens are not visible from the street, but have variety and charm.

Mrs. John D. Long in a sunken hollow at Windholm has a garden overlooked by upper slopes, which is the work of only a few years, but is already so developed that an arid pasture has been charmingly transformed into a picturesque scene. Its distinction is in its wide spaces, its shrubs and flowers not compacted into close borders but artistically adapted to the site and making a varied and unconfined parterre of clambering vines and intermingled colors. A path leads to a sundial; and there are many rustic arrangements of benches and trellises made by the energetic ex-Governor's own hands. The effect is open and inartificial.

Mrs. Cornish has planted her garden at "Ye old ordinary," with many old-time flowers to preserve the Colonial traditions of the venerable homestead.

At the Bouvé place, at Indian Hollow, is a veritable arboretum planted by the late owner, where specimens of every tree that will grow in New England are still to be seen. Formerly it had a pleasant flower-garden which is not now kept up.



GARDEN OF MISS MARY P. BARNES.



PART OF THE BREWER GARDEN — WORLD'S END.

There is a spacious garden belonging to Mr. Charles B. Barnes near his house overlooking the harbor, where straight walks edged with box brought from the old Page garden in Salem lead between borders full of sweet familiar flowers of an earlier day. A path, along the crest of the hill, overlooks a broad meadow; venerable apple trees of great age shade some portions of the grounds, and one strolls under their interlacing boughs through which the sunlight flickers. This garden is a survival of a past age, for the older of the two houses on the place is more than two hundred and twenty years old, and the ancient oaks in the grounds, once a part of the forest primeval, speak of a forgotten day.

The long straight walk through the center of the garden has a herbaceous border with stately hollyhocks and tall larkspurs at the back and smaller flowers in front, so that all summer there is a succession of flowers from the early snowdrops and lilies-of-the-valley, to the blaze of asters in the late autumn; and no new-fangled blossoms are permitted to mar the quaint simplicity of the beds. Under a branch of one of the beautiful old apple trees, full of rosy buds in early June, are a bench and a table where afternoon tea is served; and from the sunny walks, arched here and there with climbing roses, is a wide view of Hingham harbor and its bordering shores.

The kitchen-garden, below the hill, is also gay with beds of annuals, after the English fashion of comforting the vegetables with dashes of bloom.

A remarkable feature of the Barnes garden is a huge wistaria which wholly covers one side of the stable and drapes an old arbor. This vine is of great age, with a stem which well might be called a trunk.



GROUP OF BOX TREES ON MATTHEW CUSHING HOMESTEAD—250 YEARS OLD.

Adjoining these grounds is the garden of Mrs. Charles Blake, which yields innumerable flowers, and at Mrs. Charles Mason's on Martin's Lane is to be seen a skilfully arranged grouping of shrubs and trees planned by a landscape gardener, with a small flower garden between the house and the river.

The largest garden in Hingham is that of Miss Brewer and Mrs. Blackmar at Martin's Lane, and there are few of the townspeople who have not shared in its generous profusion freely dispensed by the kindly owners.

This secluded garden lies at the side of and behind the house, and has for a background the blue waters of the harbor and the distant islands of Massachusetts Bay. There are huge thickets of many colored rhododendrons, a terrace purple with all varieties of German and French irises, flowering shrubs in great numbers which are a joy, paths bordered with glowing peonies, and others closely set with roses and other flowers. The fifty years' growth of this garden is manifest in the great size of the shrubs, which flourish in the rich soil and sea air.

There is one sheltered nook, encircled with trees which keep off the fierce salt winds, where are beds of heliotrope and pansies, of asters and marigolds, and many other annuals, a carpet of brilliant color, from which unending nosegays can be made; where the earliest blossoms venture forth, and the latest linger in the warm shelter of the surrounding trees; a quaint sunny spot, my lady's garden, the very place for a quiet stroll, with nothing to distract attention from the flowers. Should one wish to go down to the harbor, a path overhung with apple trees leads through the orchard to the grassy border of the bay.

South of the house is a charming glade, where some weeping beeches cast their shadows on the green turf. On one side is a rocky knoll, crowned with trees, at its foot a grape-vine clambering over rocks and trellis; and on the other, a spacious border with tall rhododendrons in the rear, and in front of them flaming azaleas, a splendid sight in June, while in the foreground are stately many-hued Japanese irises in great variety.

Along the southern end of the house is a narrow border ablaze in the autumn with hardy chrysanthemums, which linger in that warm shelter until late in November, prolonging the summer with their rich hues of crimson and gold.

Then there are the charming gardens and shrubberies of Mrs. Edwin A. Hills and Mrs. Frederick A. Turner. All this stretch of pretty homes is a paradise.

On the State road to Quincy is the large Bradley estate, lying on both sides of the highway.

The planting of the hill has been done within twenty-five years by skilled landscape gardeners; the groups of trees are admirably disposed, and have made, under careful cultivation a surprising growth.

The western part of the place belongs to Miss Bradley, and the grounds and entrance are very effective, with their brilliant borders and shrubs, and great masses of evergreens. A winding path, sheltered from view, leads down from the hill, through the pines of the park, behind the house to the kitchen gardens and greenhouses on the other side of Thaxter Street. Interspersed with laurel and rhododendrons, a pond girdled with trees mirrors the blue sky, and all about it are planted irises and other water plants, while graceful willows dip their branches in the water, and the pleasant walk winds along the border among the native flowers and bracken. At one end is a wild and charming ramble at the base of a sloping hill, overrun with blueberry bushes, which make a variegated tapestry when touched with autumn's vivid brush. Under the trees the laurels in June are rosy with their exquisite unfolding cups; and the masses of rhododendrons shade from red to purple.

On the hill near the house is a dainty enclosed plaisance, the special care of the owner, who allows no alien hand to touch it. It is protected at each end by a concrete wall, with a stepped cornice, hung with fragrant honeysuckle, wistarias and pink



MISS BRADLEY'S GARDEN.



APPLE TREES ON LOT OF SAMUEL, ANCESTOR OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

rambler roses, from the west side of which a fountain trickles into a shell-like basin.

Old apple trees, in the center of the enclosure form a canopy for the tea-table, and a broad herbaceous border runs on three sides of this garden, backed on the south by a large grape-vine, and on the north by tall spruce trees.

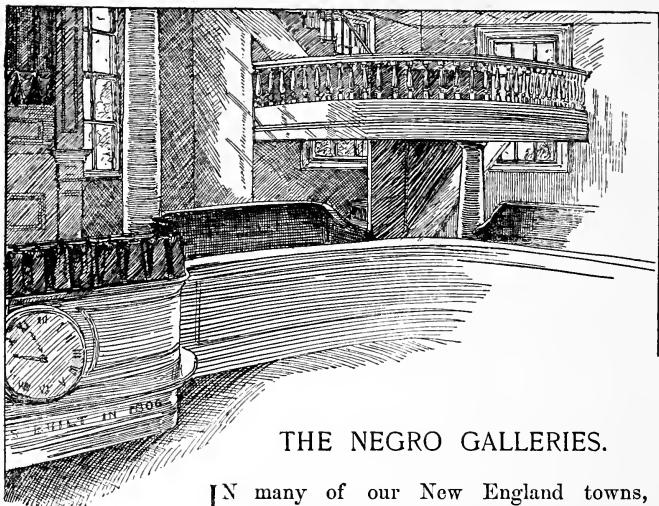
The beds in the center are filled with annuals in harmonious coloring, and this sheltered nook forms a pleasant out-of-door parlor for a summer day, flushing in the early season with apple-blooms into a rosy bower, always easily accessible and much enjoyed.

Adjoining it is Mrs. Peter Bradley's rose garden, with its wealth of rare specimens, and near by are her greenhouses with their beautiful supply of flowers for the cold season.

Many other gardens there are in the town, cosy and sheltered, some hidden from view, and others in plain sight, where the old favorites smile and shed their sweet perfume. Some of these, like the dooryard of the General Lincoln homestead, must perhaps have had many of the same old-fashioned flowers growing in them for two hundred and seventy-five years. One likes to think of this garland of perpetually renewed blossoms binding the old Colonial days of 1635 to these of the twentieth century in a chain of bloom.

Dear Hingham gardens, tended for all these years by the hands of gentle women, long may they gladden the eyes of the wayfarer along these elm-arched highways!

MARY C. ROBBINS.



THE NEGRO GALLERIES.

IN many of our New England towns, during the early days, slavery existed on a very small scale, and in its least objectionable form, and in Hingham there were a few families with whom before the Revolutionary War slave-holding was the inherited custom. The accompanying sketch shows the provision made in one of our churches for the attendance of colored people at Sunday service.

The New North Church was built in 1806. At this time there was still a number of families having colored servants, though no longer slaves. That these might "go to meeting" on Sunday, and still, as the inferior class, be remote from the other church people, two additional galleries were built to provide sittings for them. These two galleries were fitted into the rear

upper corners of the church, just above and on either side of the choir-loft. In that on the right sat the men, in that on the left the women. And for some thirty years a gradually diminishing number of this class occupied their private boxes. Certainly, they held the "high seats in the synagogue."

By 1830 the men's gallery had become practically unoccupied, while in the women's there was only one regular attendant. This girl, thus isolated, became an object of amusement to the boys of the church, — so much so that one good lady in the congregation rather than have her thus exposed gave her a sitting by her own side in a pew on the floor. And in that pew she sat year after year, a respected and cared-for member of the congregation, long after her benefactress had gone to the grave and till, gray and old and feeble, she joined her there.

The spirit of protest was thus growing strong among many of the parish against this custom of their fathers ; and it is worthy of notice in this connection that the people of the New North Church, together with those of the South Parish Church, were among the few congregations ready to give to Theodore Parker, Abolitionist and Heretic, a welcome to their pulpits. Finally, about the year 1840, Rev. Oliver Stearns, the newly settled minister, being himself of strong anti-slavery spirit, urged the feeling of the parish into action, and brought about the occasion for abolishing the custom. One Sunday he preached a vigorous sermon on the subject. There was some bitterness, and some withdrawal from the congregation. But the last occupant of these galleries had, as above stated, taken her seat with the rest of the congregation on the floor of the house ; and till her death sat there a regular attendant at Sunday service.

To-day one particularly notices in these galleries their decorative value to the church, yet they have their peculiar historic interest as the relic of an early New England custom.

CHARLES H. PORTER.

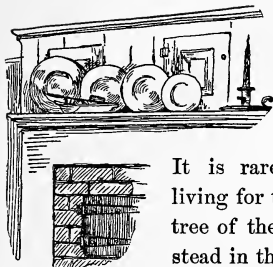
Under the big elm at the foot of the Academy Hill is a quaint old house, in the basement of which there once lived an Acadian family brought here after the Nova Scotia expedition of 1755. Others of these poor French exiles were lodged in the old Hersey house on Summer Street, and a few lived at West Hingham.

In 1792 Jeremiah Lincoln and Moses Whiton were appointed by the First Parish "to keep the porch of the meeting-house from being needlessly encumbered with women on the Sabbath."

The French officers quartered here in the War of 1812 took home with them, as souvenirs of their stay, written lists of the pretty girls in Hingham. Photographs were then unknown, and the anxiety of our great-grandmothers to be enrolled on such a list may be easily understood. Doubtless these bits of paper puzzled many a French matron in after years, and perhaps a few of them are still in existence, treasured as meaningless but curious relics.

In the old days the whipping-post stood near Thaxter's Bridge, which crosses the town brook west of the station.

COLONIAL HOUSES.



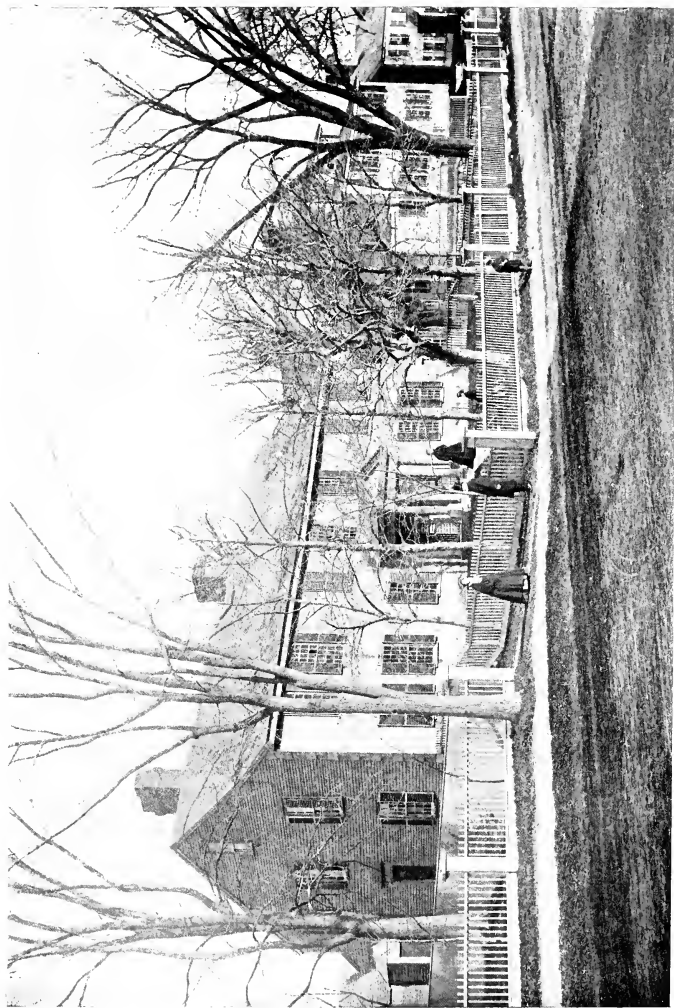
HINGHAM is justly proud of its ancient dwellings, many of which have been protected from ruin by the pious care of the descendants of those who built them over two centuries ago.

It is rare in our new country to find a family living for two hundred and fifty years under the roof-tree of the early settlers, but more than one homestead in this interesting and typical town has a record of two centuries and a half of continuous family occupation. While the original structure of these very old houses is in some cases little more than a wing to the present building, which has been enlarged as domestic purposes required, there are some really excellent dwellings built in the middle of the eighteenth century which are of a type distinctive of the period.

These two-story houses have a large chimney in the centre, surrounded by an open space to which there is sometimes access by a special door. This is presumably for safety from fire, as the bricks were laid up with clay instead of mortar, and consequently an air-space became imperative. The timbers are of oak and very heavy; the rooms low studded, sometimes not more than seven feet high, with a great beam or summer-tree visible below the plastering, which, by the way, is probably a modern addition. Generally, the cellar is only under one portion of the house, the foundations of the greater part of it being laid on top of the ground.

The houses are entered by a door in the middle, which leads into a small entry-way, whence a narrow staircase, with a landing and turn, leads to the upper front rooms. Sometimes another stairway in the rear gives access to the back second story; and, occasionally, when the addition of new rooms has made it necessary, still other ladder-like stairways have been added, one house having as many as five. On either side of the front door is a large room, sometimes seventeen or eighteen feet square, with a wide fire-place. These rooms are often wholly wainscoted or have high dados of wood surmounted by a chair-rail. The rear rooms had a slanting roof, which sloped from the high roof-tree to the one-story ell; but this has now sometimes given place to a modern construction at the back of the house. Many of the outside doors keep their brass thumb-latches and knockers, and in some of the humbler cottages the old-fashioned leathern latch-string to lift the rough wooden latches of the inside doors may still be seen. The windows have wooden shutters within; and the outside blinds on some of the more ancient dwellings are constructed in one piece with very broad slats.

The Thaxter Mansion.—Some of the handsomest of these homesteads have been destroyed, but their fame is still fresh in the village memory. One of them, the Thaxter Mansion on North Street, which occupied the site of the present Roman Catholic Church, was removed in 1864. It was a fine old colonial mansion, with tapestried walls, broad, tiled fireplaces and decorated door-panels. The tapestries were brought from England by Samuel Thaxter, a son of Col. Samuel Thaxter, who was a classmate of Dr. Gay. Mr. Thaxter's widow afterward



THE THAXTER MANSION. TORN DOWN 1864.

COL. RICE'S HOUSE.

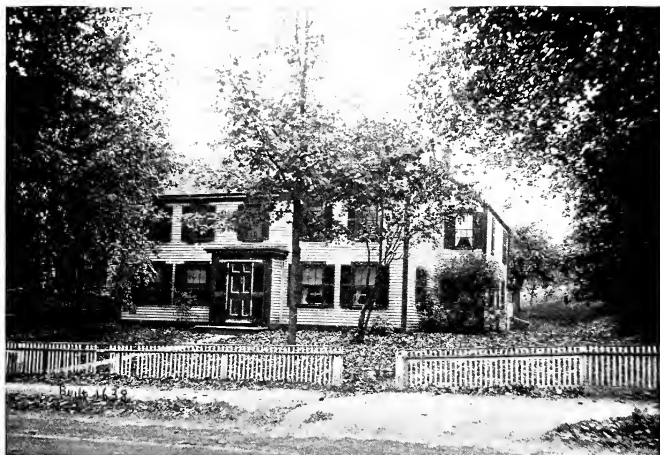
married the Rev. John Hancock, of Braintree, and was the mother of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence.

In a blind passage in this house, to which a secret door gave access, Tories from Marshfield were concealed during a search made for them by the Committee of Safety. From this point they were later successfully smuggled to Boston.

Thomas Thaxter, the first of this name in Hingham, bought this house and land in 1652. It was occupied by Thaxters in a direct line for five generations. The last of the name to live in it was Major Samuel Thaxter. He was an officer in the French and Indian Wars, and was present at the massacre of Fort William Henry, when, having been captured by the Indians and tied to a tree, he appealed for protection to two French officers passing by. Pulling out his commission from the pocket of his leather breeches, he said, "Is this the way you treat commissioned officers?" Whereupon they unloosed him, and let him go. He made his way during the night to Fort Edward, where he arrived with feet torn and bleeding. Meantime at home he was reported dead by a fellow townsman who had also escaped, and Dr. Gay preached his funeral sermon. When Major Thaxter finally arrived in Hingham, he met Mr. Caleb Bates, who was driving home his cows. "Why, Major," cried Mr. Bates, in astonishment, "we have just buried you!" Major Thaxter's liquor-case, punch-powl, knee-buckles, leather breeches, and the compass which guided him through the trackless Canadian forests are owned by a descendant living in Hingham; also his colonial four-posted bedstead, surmounted by a crown. Major Thaxter removed to Bridgewater in 1771, and the estate was sold to Elisha Leavitt.

The "Garrison House."—Of the houses now standing, perhaps the most ancient and interesting is that just east of the Cushing House, known as the Perez Lincoln House. Joseph Andrews drew this house-lot in 1635, and the original deed is in existence. The house was built before the year 1640, and nine generations of the same family have lived under its roof. It is the best authenticated "garrison house" that we have. In King Philip's War, when the Indians attacked a coast town, they frequently approached from the water-side. The old fort on the hill protected the settlement, while the women and children took refuge in the "block house." Several years ago, when this house was newly clapboarded, there was found between the outer and inner walls a filling apparently of clay stuck together with tough grass and of the consistency of mortar. This made a thick padding, bullet-proof, which also added to the warmth and comfort of the interior. The present owner says that this filling still remains on the front and ends of the main house.

The Barker House.—In the early part of the century another old house stood on the site now occupied by the National Bank. It was a quaint, unpainted building, hidden by woodbine, with a great plane-tree in front. The smooth turf was unbroken by stone walks, and crept up close to the ancient walls. Here lived the Misses Barker, three intelligent, cultivated women of strong Tory principles and marked individuality of character, who are still remembered by the older generation. Across the road, to quote from a contemporary manuscript, "lay the vegetable gardens of the neighbors, along the borders of a little brook that ran through them towards the sea. . . . On the right hand, onward to the limit of vision along the



THE GARRISON HOUSE, 1638.



THE FOLSOM HOUSE. TORN DOWN IN 1875.



public way, rise houses, shops of traffic and mechanic art, Derby Academy, and the spire of an old wooden church."

The Lane Homestead.—East of the National Bank is the estate on which stands what was once known as "John Norton's Mansion House." Since 1820 it has been occupied by Colonel Charles Lane and his descendants. The easterly part of the house is much older than the rest, and dates back to the middle of the seventeenth century. Here lived in his youth Colonel Benjamin Church, the conqueror of King Philip. In 1679 the three lots of land were sold to the Rev. John Norton, the second pastor of the Old Church; and later the homestead was occupied for a time by his successor, Dr. Gay.

General Lincoln's House.—The house still occupied by the descendants of General Benjamin Lincoln, who received the sword of Lord Cornwallis at the surrender of Yorktown, was built in 1667 by Thomas Lincoln, the cooper, who came from the west of England, and settled in Hingham in 1635-6. It was added to in 1694, and again by General Lincoln in 1772. This is a curious and interesting old homestead, with large, low, wainscoted rooms, and still contains parts of the original dwelling.

The Union Hotel,—now the Cushing House, — is now owned and well and neatly kept by George Cushing, hotel-keeper, livery-stable proprietor, postmaster, chief of the fire department and general utility man. It was probably built before the Revolutionary War by Dr. Bela Lincoln, a brother of General Lincoln, as a central residence. Col. Nathan Rice, a prominent Feder-

alist, resided in it after the war. Colonel Rice had a distinguished career. Born in Sturbridge, Mass., he was at Harvard College, was tutor or law-student with John Adams, and kept school, married and settled in Hingham. When the war came on he served at the siege of Boston, was military aide to General Lincoln, was with Washington at the Battle of Yorktown an officer in one of the continental regiments, and said by his descendants to have been on Washington's staff, had a commission in 1798-80 in the threatened war with France, represented the town in the General Court, and was active in trade and shipping and in many town offices. He was an original member of the Cincinnati.

The Cushing Homestead.—Near the Cohasset line, in that part of Hingham known as Rocky Nook, stand three houses which merit the attention of the antiquary. Of these the oldest is that known as the Cushing Homestead. It was built by Daniel Cushing (son of Matthew, the first Cushing who came to this country) in 1679, for Daniel's son, Peter. It has been owned and occupied by Peter's descendants to the present time, passing for five generations from father to son. It is now owned by two daughters of Ned Cushing, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Tracy. When the house was built, there was no road going by it, Turkey Hill Lane being the only path from the "Plain" to Cohasset. Some of the large timbers in the barn, showing the mortises then used, came from the original "Old Church." The present "Old Church" was built two years later.

The Gorham Lincoln House.—Not far away from this homestead Stephen, the son of Peter, built another in 1751.



GENERAL LINCOLN HOUSE.



FAMILY ROOM, GEN. LINCOLN HOUSE, WITH PORTRAIT OF THE GENERAL.

"For six generations," says a great-great-great-granddaughter, "it was the happy home of an old country family." Its present occupant is Miss Gertrude Edmands, the well-known singer.

The Beale House.—Beyond the Cushing homestead, opposite the North Cohasset station, is the Beale house. This was built in 1690–91, two stories high, and contains eighteen rooms. The frame is of oak and, as it has always been kept in good repair, it seems likely to last two hundred years longer. Within, the soft satiny finish of unpainted wood has taken on the rich, mellow hue that time alone can give. Beneath the high windows are platforms, designed doubtless for the comfort and pleasure of the busy housewife, who was thus enabled to "see the passing" while busy with her needle, — a privilege many of the colonial dames must have been denied. The furniture is largely antique, much of it being as old as the house. From the time of the settlement of the town the estate has been in the name of Beale, passing down from generation to generation without a break.

Tranquillity Lodge.—A typical living-room of colonial times is to be found at Tranquillity Lodge on Main Street, now owned and occupied by Miss Susan Barker Willard. She inherited the house from her great-great-grandfather, Henry Thaxter, a son of Major Samuel Thaxter above mentioned. Back of the house stood Tranquillity Grove, which was once famous for its social and political gatherings and from which the house was named.

The William Lincoln House.—Among the pre-Revolu-

tionary houses in Hingham is one on North Street, immediately west of the General Lincoln homestead, which is of interest for its antiquity. It has been occupied for many years by descendants of Samuel Lincoln, and its children of to-day are descended also from the Paul Revere stock.

Though the original structure built by Nicholas Jacobs on the land granted to him in 1636 is no longer standing, as it was partially or wholly destroyed by fire, some of its charred timbers and boards are incorporated with the present building, which has remained practically unchanged for over a hundred years; and its corner beaufet, the panelling about the fireplaces, and the deep window-seats, all date from the last century. If the old house ever played any part in the exciting Revolutionary period, no record of it has come down to us. Its chief interest is that it served to shelter a long line of New England yeomen.

The Old Cushing House.—Half-way to Hingham Centre, on Main Street, stands an old house the kitchen of which is probably part of the first dwelling built in 1692 by Daniel Cushing, son of the original Matthew, on a grant of land made to him in 1635. From this homestead came all the various branches of the Cushing family in the United States. Opposite it, on the "Old Place," now owned by Mary Caroline Robbins, stood until 1885 the handsome house known as the Matthew Cushing House, having been built for Matthew Cushing probably at the same time and by the same man who built the Peter Cushing homestead, since the architecture of the two is similar. This house had the large, low, heavily-beamed rooms and other characteristics of the houses of the period; but, having been uninhabited for years, it gradually fell to ruin, and had to be taken down.



LIVING ROOM "TRANQUILITY LODGE," PORTRAIT OF MRS. MAJOR SAMUEL THAXTER.

The Hawkes Fearing House.—At Hingham Centre, opposite the Public Library, stands the Fearing House, once a tavern, a low, square-roofed dwelling, with two wings of considerable antiquity. This house formerly had one of the hinged partitions by which our forefathers were able to throw two rooms into one when a large space was necessary for entertainments. It was a century ago an inn and many exciting ecclesiastical conventions were held there.

The Wilder House.—The old Wilder house at South Hingham, practically unchanged for more than two centuries, is the scene of the romance embodied in the novel by Mrs. Austin called "Nameless Nobleman," though she places the story elsewhere. Between its floors was once concealed during our colonial wars a French nobleman called Francis LeBaron, who was cared for during his trying confinement by Molly Wilder, whom he afterward married.

The Shute House.—At South Hingham is also to be seen the spacious dwelling once occupied by the Rev. Daniel Shute, D.D., who was pastor of the Third (afterward the Second) Parish of Hingham for fifty-six years, from Dec. 10, 1746, when he was first installed. He was a warm friend of Dr. Gay, though they were politically opposed, Dr. Shute being as earnest a Whig as Dr. Gay was an ardent Tory. His son Daniel served under Washington as a surgeon in the Continental Army.

The homestead lot was bought in 1754, and the house still occupied by his descendants was erected soon after. It has six rooms on each floor of the main house, and with the ell has nineteen rooms. A number of rooms are panelled to the ceiling on

one side. Many of the fireplaces are still in use and much of the old furniture. One chamber is preserved in the ancient style with the original wall-paper more than one hundred years old, a high canopy bed, a chest of drawers, etc. A clock which has lasted more than two hundred years stands in the dining-room. In the hall is a candle-stick six feet high, the candle holder sliding up and down after the same fashion as a modern piano lamp, showing that there is "nothing new under the sun." John Hancock was a student in Rev. Dr. Shute's household and the chair which came with the boy and in which he sat is still in the house.

Richard Henry Stoddard.—On North Street not far from the Cove was born Reuben Henry Stodder. His father was early lost at sea and his mother moved to New York when Reuben was a small boy. As is well known, he became a poet of note, whose verses are still read and form a part of our literature. He died only a few years ago. It is noticeable that he was not altogether content with his original homely name of Reuben Henry Stodder and changed it to the higher sounding one of Richard Henry Stoddard.

The Malbon House.—The second house on the left going west from the corner of Thaxter and Lincoln Streets formerly stood on the southwest corner of those streets on what is now the great sloping lawn in front of Miss Bradley's residence. It is now owned by her and occupied by some of her employés. It was originally the home of Daniel Lincoln, the far-back maternal ancestor of the present Bouvé family. The owner previous to the Bradleys was Theodore R. Glover, a native of Boston,



THE SHUTE HOUSE.

but after his marriage a well-known resident of our town for many years. In his youth on a gunning trip in Marshfield, he met Mary Thomas Malbon, who became his wife. Her father Micajah Malbon and his wife coming from England to this country were shipwrecked and thrown on shore at Marshfield. They were cared for by Mr. John Thomas in his house, which he later sold to Daniel Webster, who took an interest in them and their daughter and with whom they were on familiar terms. A prayer book is still shown by another daughter which the mother carried next her breast during the thirty-six hours she was washed by the waves and the imprint of which on her breast lasted all her life. After Mr. Glover's marriage he established the Malbon family in the house above referred to. The father taught in the public schools of Marshfield, Cohasset, and Hingham, in which town he was living at the time when his daughter Mary, on a visit at the Thomas home in Marshfield, first met Mr. Glover. There was a son who commanded one of Mr. Glover's ships and four other daughters who married and were prominent in Boston and elsewhere, and whose sons and daughters have been a good deal identified with the South Shore.

The Humphrey or Bulfinch House.—This house in excellent preservation stands on Cottage Street next to the house on the southwest corner of that and Ship Street. It is a good type of the old-style plain square house with large rooms on either side of its broad front door. It appears from Suffolk Deeds that it formerly stood on Bowdoin Street near Bulfinch in Boston. It was then of three stories, the lowest of brick. In 1841 it was sold to Hersey Stowell and others of Hingham who, to build a new structure on the site, removed and sold it for \$100

to Capt. Moses L. Humphrey, a mason and contractor of Hingham. He took away the two upper stories — the present house. It was brought in parts down the harbor to Hingham in a packet, and as the tide then reached nearly to the present site of the house, Cottage and Otis Streets not then existing, it was readily put on that site and reërected in its present form. Some of us well remember the highly-colored landscape papering or painting on the walls of the main room, not unlike that in the Quincy Thaxter or Wompatuck club house. The Humphrey family owned and occupied the house till some thirty years ago. It is now owned by S. Henry Hooper.

There is a tradition that it was occupied by the British in Boston during the Revolutionary War and that when taken down there, a pot of gold was found in the brick work (see *Hingham Journal* of Feb. 3, 1905).

The Souther House. — This is at the foot of Ship Street facing the Cove and more than a hundred years old. There was in the old days a good deal of shipbuilding in Hingham and Leavitt Souther's shipyard was about where the Hingham Yacht Club now is. He married a granddaughter of Thomas Melvill of Boston, who was one of the famous Boston Tea Party. Her ancient little piano is now owned by Miss Sara J. Lincoln. Some of the tea which he carried home from that raid was brought to Hingham and was preserved till recently by the Souther family. Melvill's grandson, Herman Melville, who added an *e* to the name, married a daughter of Chief Justice Shaw and was the author of those South Sea Island stories, Typee, Omoo, etc., and of other stories which sixty years ago were popular reading. Thomas Melvill died in 1832 and

to the last wore the cocked hat and knee breeches of 1775 in which costume, in his tottering old age, perhaps the last survivor of the Tea Party, he suggested to Oliver Wendell Holmes the poem of "The Last Leaf." Mrs. Samuel Downer was a granddaughter of Thomas Melvill, whence came the name of Melville Gardens, which Mr. Downer adopted in his Downer Landing development.

The Daniel Webster Statue.—The attention of everybody coming to Hingham from Boston in the railroad train is attracted by the statue of Webster which stands on the grounds of Mrs. Geo. M. Soule, between her house and the track. The house stands on the lot assigned at the settlement of Hingham to Samuel Lincoln, the ancestor of Abraham Lincoln. The statue was originally the figure head of a Boston ship and came into the possession of Mr. Soule at least fifty years ago and has since then stood in its present place. It is in excellent preservation and is most assiduously cared for. Mrs. Soule is a granddaughter of John Thomas of Marshfield who sold to Webster the farm on which he lived and died. Webster was fond of fishing and gunning and when he first went to Marshfield for that purpose asked Mr. and Mrs. Thomas to entertain him in their house. When he bought it he insisted that they should remain in it, which they did till Mr. Thomas's death. It is a pretty tribute to the great orator's consideration that during all that time he had Mr. and Mrs. Thomas occupy their accustomed seats at the head of the table. His relations with the family were those of a cordial friendship and Mrs. Soule remembers that in her youth she often held a hand at whist with him.

Mrs. Rowson's Residence.— On the southeast corner of Burdett Avenue and Lincoln Street was a small cottage, now gone. In this Lieutenant Haswell of the British navy, who was an English revenue official at Hull just before the Revolutionary War, was for two or three years after it began detained as a prisoner at large. He was then taken to Abington by the provincial authorities because there he was farther from the British reach. His daughter, Susanna Haswell, then a child of fourteen or fifteen years, and who at a later period returned with her father to England, became a noted authoress. She wrote many stories, the best known of which is "Charlotte Temple," now forgotten, but a great favorite in both England and America with our forbears. The scene of that and some other stories is laid in our vicinity. In one of them is a detailed experience of Mrs. Rowson in her childhood, on the occasion of a skirmish between some American soldiers, who rowed from Hull to the Boston lighthouse and burnt it, and the British sailors and marines who pursued them. The death and burial of one of the latter, which the child herself witnessed, made a deep impression on her mind.

Mrs. Rowson and her husband, who was a singer of some note, went upon the stage in England, and later in Philadelphia, and still later in the old Federal Street Theatre in Boston. Leaving the stage Mrs. Rowson became a teacher in Medford, and still later had a very successful and fashionable young ladies' school in Boston. Among her pupils were the daughters of leading Boston families, a list of whose names survives and recalls the ancient flavor of its best citizens. She was also a prolific writer of verse, much of which was published. She died in Boston in 1824.



"THE OLD ORDINARY."

The Tower House.—This house stands on the east side of Main Street near the brook that runs between Hingham Centre and South Hingham. It was built by John Tower, an original settler, near the middle of the seventeenth century. A well dug by him is still in use. The house has been in possession of his direct descendants ever since, and although additions and repairs have been made, the original structure is still standing and constitutes a part of the Tower homestead to-day. It has been put in excellent condition and is a picturesque feature. Two years ago in May the descendants of John Tower formed a family Tower Association, and in large numbers celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of his birth.

The Old Ordinary.—The tavern or "Old Ordinary," the third oldest house in Hingham, stands on a low hill just off the Boston Turnpike. The land was granted to Joseph Andrews on the settlement of the town in 1635, and here the main portion of the house was built about 1650. The front door and two windows to the right mark its original length. The two windows to the left show the next addition made about 1740. Further additions were built across the back and at the extreme right. The dance hall, an addition at the rear, was removed about 1836. The old rooftree could tell many interesting stories of Peter Hobart and other first settlers, of slaves who labored here in the early days, of French Canadians exiled from Grand Pré, of English prisoners during the Revolution, of Daniel Webster, and perhaps of fugitive slaves. From 1650 the Old Ordinary remained for two hundred and twenty-three years in the possession of some member, near or remote, of the Andrews family

who built it. It is now owned by the minister of the First Parish.

The Folsom or Foulson-Cushing-Sprague House, — formerly situated at Hingham Centre (or "Little Plain" in the ancient vernacular), stood where is now the residence of J. O. Burdett, and was more noticeable from the presence of a single large tree which overshadowed it. In the *Hingham Journal* of Aug. 20, 1875, the late Fearing Burr says: "The old Sprague house on Main Street, Hingham Centre, having become untenable from age, is this week being taken down.

"Tradition fixes the time of its erection in 1654; the frame is principally of oak and the posts are enlarged at their connection with the plates, like those seen in the Old Meeting House. Though for a long period the property of the Sprague family passing down in unbroken succession, it is generally believed that the house was built, and for a time occupied, by John Folsom, who was here as early as 1643-4."

In his History of Hingham, Solomon Lincoln says:

"John Folsom married Miss Gilman, sister of the wife of Daniel Cushing (son of the original Mathew Cushing), and when Folsom removed to New Hampshire, with his family, Daniel Cushing bought the estate."

Mr. Isaac Sprague (grandfather of Mr. Isaac Sprague the painter, who illustrated Audubon's Birds) was the Sprague whose descendants occupied the house for generations.

Roseneath, a Seventeenth Century Cottage. — On Main Street, well back from the road under the shelter of the hillside,



ROSENEATH COTTAGE.



DOORWAY — ROSENEATH COTTAGE.

and surrounded by the high elm trees for which Hingham is noted, stands the cottage owned by Miss Susan B. Willard.

It has twice been moved. A persistent tradition asserts that when the carpenters were at work on the oak frame of the old meeting-house they kept their tools in this cottage, which at that time stood in close proximity to the church, and this tradition is the only warrant for the statement that the little building antedates 1681. It is thus put among the oldest houses in the United States.

One of its interesting features is the "glory hole," which was at once the vegetable cellar, the ice-chest, and the safe deposit vault of our ancestors.

It was not, as might at first appear, waste space. In order to obtain the thickness of brick wall needed for the deep ovens and the fireplaces it was necessary to build the massive chimney in a shape not unlike a pyramid, very round at the base and sloping in a sharp angle to the roof which was only a story and a half from the ground.

This left in the middle of the chimney a considerable space, conical in shape, and broad enough at the bottom to make a sizable and convenient storeroom. In the winter it kept the vegetables from freezing; in the summer it kept the milk and butter cool. And throughout the year the family valuables were here safe from harm.

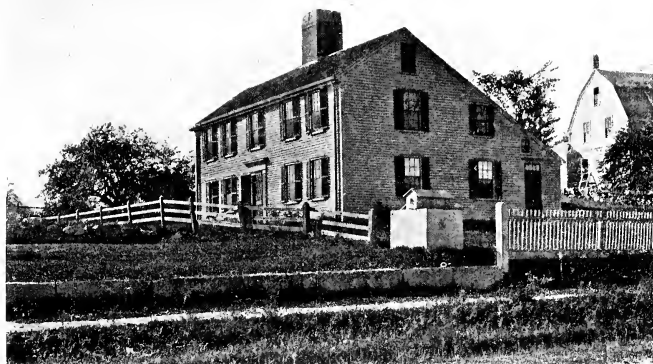
This queer little brick closet which measures four by six feet, is fireproof, warm in the winter and cool in summer. It suggests, too, what one now pays every year for, a safe deposit box.

It may be that the present generation sometimes sighs for the return of the glory hole, and the simple way of living it represented.

Jabez Wilder House,— familiarly known as the "Rainbow-roofed" house, is on the right hand side of Main Street as one comes up the first rise from Hingham Centre.

Jabez, son of the first Edward, the ancestor of all who have borne this surname in Hingham and vicinity, lived on the paternal homestead and was a brother of the charming "Molly Wilder" in Miss Austen's story. In his will, dated June, 1728, he gives to his son Jabez the "New dwelling-house on the side of the highway at South Hingham," and he mentions a black oak tree "standing on the boundary line between brother Ephraim's homestead and mine." The inventory of his estate includes in a long list of personal property, books, arms, gold plate, hour-glass, side saddle pillion, seven sdp (?) of bees, a loom and weaving tackle.

To give the full details of all the interesting habitations of the colonial period which still are to be found in our well-preserved old town, is impossible within the limits of a brief article; but in historic interest, in picturesque charm and characteristic detail, they compare favorably with those of any village in Massachusetts, and are tenderly and respectfully cherished by those who have had the good fortune to inherit them. Many of them were taverns, in some of which there were British prisoners during the Revolutionary War, of whom quaint traditions still linger.



THE "MOLLY WILDER" HOUSE.



THE JABEZ WILDER OR "RAINBOW ROOF" HOUSE.

DR. EBENEZER GAY.

IF it should be asked what one figure stands out in the pre-Revolutionary local history of Hingham, there is little doubt that the answer would be "Dr. Gay." It was not merely that for almost seventy years he was the pastor of the church, at a time when the church was the town, but he was also a man of extraordinary dignity and strength of character, who commanded universal respect and affection. Hingham was never disloyal to her minister, though he was a Tory, and set his face against the cause she was fighting for. The small boys ran from him in the street, so great was their awe of his stern presence; yet his friends claimed for him a beauty of countenance difficult for us to imagine who have only his portrait to look upon. Great indeed must have been the personal force of the man to have left such an imprint upon his day and generation. Many anecdotes are told of him which are as valuable as columns of biography.

On one occasion a deputation of Boston gentlemen came down to remonstrate with him on the liberality of his preaching. Suspecting their errand, Dr. Gay received them with all cordiality, and, before hostilities could commence, related to them the adventures of his friend Dr. Chauncy, who had just crossed the ocean. His vessel had encountered a violent storm, and destruction had seemed inevitable; "but," said Dr. Gay, "with the captain at the helm, and only his voice heard above the storm, crying, 'Steady, boys, steady!' the good ship sailed into port, colors flying and all hands safe." Like President Lincoln's advisers in a similar situation, the guests were somewhat discon-

certed; and, having partaken of their host's hospitality, they departed without alluding to the object of their visit.

One day Dr. Gay was riding to Boston in company with a friend, when they came in sight of the old gallows at Boston Neck. "Where would you be, my friend," inquired his companion, jocosely, "if that gallows had its due?" "Riding alone to Boston!" was Dr. Gay's prompt response.

Mr. Nye (the schoolmaster) and Dr. Gay were once invited to a party given by Colonel Thaxter to the governor and his council. Mr. Nye, who was a Harvard graduate, professed great trepidation at meeting so august an assembly, and asked if it was probable that his own scholarly ability would be recognized.

"My dear sir," said Dr. Gay, "say nothing whatever about it; and I am sure His Honor will never suspect it."

In an old beaufet in Dr. Gay's house was found the following letter, written to his "children," then in middle life themselves:

DEDHAM, June 19, 1784.

Dear Children,—I am by the importunity of my friends, contrary to my purpose, detained here. Mr. Thacher comes to preach for me. You will give him suitable *entertainment*. He will be very acceptable to the people. Be not anxious about your poor father. He is in ordinary health. Colonel Pond intends to bring me home on Monday. You may expect me by noon. With submission to Providence, to which I commend you,

EBENEZER GAY.

P.S.—Upon second thoughts, Colonel Pond agrees with me to carry me to Weymouth; and you must send Aaron with our chaise to General Lovell's in the forenoon.

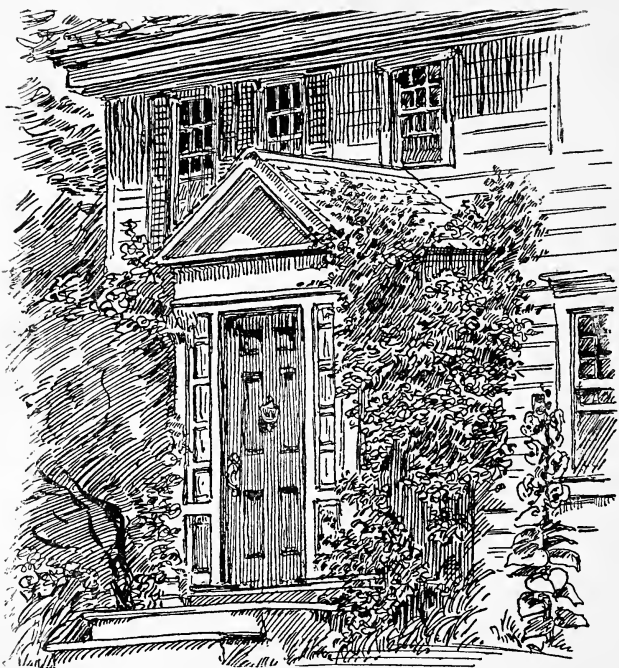
E. G.

This letter not only shows the writer's tender relations with his family, but also his sense of fun in the transcription of

"entertainment." The ride to Dedham in those days was a long one. The Hingham and Quincy bridges were not built for twenty-five years after. General Lovel probably lived at the head of Fore River, now Weymouth Landing.

The familiar story is told of Dr. Gay that one night he lay in wait with a dark lantern to discover who was taking hay from his barn. Presently the thief came along, carrying a large bundle of hay upon his back. Taking the candle from the lantern, and following softly after, Dr. Gay thrust it into the middle of the hay, which was presently in a fine blaze, to the great terror of the bearer. A few days after the culprit appeared to confess his misdeed. He was convinced that fire from heaven had been sent to punish him, and even Dr. Gay's explanation failed to change his belief.

Knowing his Tory principles, the Committee of Safety once visited the minister to inquire what arms he had in the house. Their courage forsook them when they were fairly in his presence, and it was with faltering hesitation that they finally made known their errand. The good doctor looked at them for a moment with mild reproach before he answered, laying his hand on the large Bible which lay open upon his table, "Gentlemen, these are my arms; and I trust they will prove sufficient."



THE GAY HOUSE ON NORTH STREET, HINGHAM,
AND THE OLD TORY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES speaks somewhere of the house standing "gable end to the street," in a manner implying that all proper old houses do stand in that position, but the house on North Street built by Dr. Ebenezer Gay stands eaves side to the street, and is certainly as proper and respec-

table, as an old house need be, from age, appearance and history. Dr. Gay preached in the old meeting-house of the First Parish from 1718 to 1787, and some time between the former date and 1750 it is said his house was built.

During its building he lived in the next house to the West, since altered and enlarged into two dwellings at present occupied by Mrs. Lane and Mr. Nelson, and one of the many stories told of the parson was of his well, dug probably while he was living in that house.

It is a very dry, sandy hillside where the house stands and the well was sunk, and after going down through dry ground for many feet the well diggers urged the parson to give it up and try elsewhere.

By Saturday night, utterly discouraged, they told him it was useless to dig deeper, for no water could be found there and they must begin again in a more promising place. Sunday morning he preached an eloquent sermon, taking for his text, Numbers, xxi, 17; Spring up, O Well; which so inspired the well diggers that they went to work Monday morning with renewed hope and soon struck a stream of clear, cold water which is flowing to this day. And the story goes on that when in times of drought the neighbors' wells ran dry the parson's well yielded an abundance for all.

The house standing on a hillside above the street and eaves side toward it is, except for the addition of the projecting front entrance, a wood shed and a chimney, the counterpart of the Noah's Ark of our childhood. It is just about as simple as an ark in its lines and trimmings but well proportioned and dignified.

The timbers are of hard wood, hand hewed, the walls are

filled in with brick and double sheathed on the outside. The clapboards, evidently made by hand, are in short lengths and overlap each other at the ends with a long tapering chamfer.

The interior finish is simple except on either side of the fireplace in the two main rooms down-stairs, where there is some well-made wooden paneling, and the wooden mantel-pieces are quite elaborate.

In the eighteenth century the plumb, level and square were evidently not accounted of much use as aids to construction, for there is hardly a plumb line, a level surface or a square corner in the house, nevertheless it is a sturdy, well built structure which has stood the test of time as few modern structures will be able to do.

It has sheltered the Gay family for upward of two hundred years and has never been out of their hands, and children of the sixth generation from Dr. Gay now live in it.

THE OLD TORY.

The old mahogany secretary now in the house built by Parson Gay on North Street has been known in the family for many years as the "Old Tory," because its original owner, Martin Gay of Boston, son of the minister, was a prominent Tory during the Revolution.

Where it was made or when it came into the family, are not known, but that it was in his house in Union Street before the Revolution is pretty well established by the tradition that it was taken by its owner to Nova Scotia when the British troops left Boston in 1776 and was brought back by him when the war was over.

Martin Gay was proscribed and banished by the Patriot



"THE OLD TORY."

Government, and when the British left Boston he went with them, taking some of his family and some of his portable property beyond the reach of confiscation or theft. He had so little faith in the honesty of the "rebels," probably supposing them to be no better than the English soldiers who had looted the stores of his patriot friends during their absence with the army, that he packed the silver communion service of the West Church, Boston, of which he, as deacon, was the custodian, in the drawers of the secretary and took that with him also. The service was returned when, in due course, order was established in Boston, but in the meanwhile many unpleasant things were said of the Deacon.

After his death the Old Tory spent a half century where it now stands, and then, having been bequeathed to Sydney Howard Gay, stood for another half century in his house on Staten Island, N.Y.

It is a well-designed piece of furniture and a fine example of mechanical skill in mahogany and solid brass, but it does not show to advantage in the low studded room of the old house, where the gilt eagle with spreading wings over the cornice cannot stand upright on his perch.

Completely hidden in the interior, there is a secret recess which would be hard to discover without knowledge of the cunning fastening which protects it. In the recess there is room for two small boxes which might have held enough gold pieces to have made a comfortable fortune one hundred and fifty years ago.

MARTIN GAY.

THE HAZLITTS.

SOME sixty or more years ago (1835-38) Margaret, only surviving daughter of the Rev. William Hazlitt, wrote her "Recollections of a Visit to America," which she made with her parents and her brothers John and William in 1783. Margaret was a pleasant writer, and related with great distinctness the various scenes through which the family passed. She was then twelve years of age, John fifteen, and William five years old. After landing in New York, the family went to Philadelphia. The father, not being able to find steady professional employment, set out for Boston in June, 1784, where he preached for a time in the Brattle Street Church. The family followed in August. From Perth Amboy, N.J., they went on to New York in a little sloop, and thence by a coasting vessel to Newport, R.I. They reached their final destination on the second day from New York, passing through Jamaica Plain, the beautiful scenery of which Margaret describes in terms of praise.

They lodged at a boarding-house on State Street, kept by a Mrs. Gray and her two sisters, where they remained three weeks, a reunited family. They then went to a farmhouse in Lower Dorchester, kept by a Mr. Withington. Here they lived seven weeks, when the father had an offer of a good and cheap house at Weymouth. The family were two days in getting settled in that ancient town, and on the way stayed over night at the house of Judge Cranch in Braintree. The house in Weymouth belonged to the wife of John Quincy Adams, then ambassador to England.

This house contained a very large and old painting, said to



A HAZLITT PANEL.

have been one of the first of Copley's, who afterward became a painter of great celebrity in Boston. He was the father of Lord Lyndhurst, the English statesman. Copley and his family removed to England before the Revolutionary War, and they never returned to the United States.

On this picture the youthful Margaret used to gaze with intense delight. It was the story of Jacob and Esau. The meeting of the brothers, the camels and cattle, the followers on either side and in the background marching up between the hills and seeming to vanish in the air, completed her enchantment; and she ever bore the scene in remembrance as one of the joys of her girlhood.

William Hazlitt, the younger brother, afterward became the celebrated English critic and essayist. Being then not six years of age, he was kept in the house during the heat of the day, and not allowed out until four in the afternoon. Margaret relates her experiences of the Hingham and Boston road, from which she had excellent views of Bunker's Hill and Dorchester Heights.

Their father, the reverend minister, would sometimes go to Boston to deliver lectures upon the Evidences of Christianity, taking the older boy, John, with him. At that time the Rev. Ebenezer Gay was the Unitarian minister at Hingham.* In 1785 the Rev. Mr. Hazlitt occasionally went to Salem to preach. While living in Weymouth, the boy John spent a great deal of his time in Hingham, where he painted many portraits. Perhaps

* The elder Hazlitt frequently exchanged with Dr. Gay, and used to bring his son William with him. The story is that the little lad sat in the pulpit behind his father; and we may imagine England's future essayist curbing his boyish restlessness through the long sermon, under the eyes of the congregation,—a congregation which often numbered between five and seven hundred, since in those days there were few stay-at-homes from church.

some of his earliest efforts may still be in the old town, and it is not unlikely that he ornamented the panels in the old Thaxter house with his paintings of local scenery. The writer of this article passed a considerable portion of every year, almost a half-century ago, in Hingham, where his ancestors and his wife's ancestors were born; and, without being decidedly certain, he thinks that the name Hazlitt was in some way connected with these panel paintings. They are such works as a young and untaught artist would be likely to produce.

At that period the Rev. Mr. Freeman was the minister at King's Chapel in Boston, and he was aided in preparing the liturgy by Mr. Hazlitt. The family removed to Upper Dorchester, and finally returned to England in 1784, when William was educated at the Unitarian College at Hackley. He began life as an artist; but he threw up this profession in disgust, although his work pleased his friends. He then removed to London, and became a Parliamentary reporter for several of the daily journals. Thus commenced a literary career which terminated only at his death in 1830. Alison in his "History of Europe," Professor John Wilson (Christopher North) in *Blackwood*, Lord Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, Sergeant Thomas Noon Talfourd, the author of the beautiful drama of "Ion," all gave the greatest praise to William Hazlitt, who stands to-day at the very head of British critics and essayists.

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

The following extract from the *Worcester Spy*, written by one of its correspondents, relates to the Quincy Thaxter House, now the Wompatuck Club. It was written more than thirty

years ago, when the homestead was still occupied by a member of the Thaxter family.

Last week I was in Hingham in a house two hundred or more years old — a house modernized just enough to be comfortable, but not enough to lose its thoroughly antique air. The front door with eighteen small panes of glass opens from a simple broad piazza into a large low parlor, not low enough for discomfort even under the great beams which cross the ceiling, but quite low enough to mark the age of the building.

No stairs are visible. They are crowded into small entries at each end of the house; but two other parlors lead from the central one on the south and west and are connected with it by wide doors which stand open and give an air of magnificent space and royal hospitality. But the crowning glory of the room that makes it unique is its painted panels. There are seventeen of them, the largest two feet square; the smallest running round one of the doors less than two inches wide and two feet or more long.

These are all painted in landscape or Japanese-looking plants in brown shading on reds and yellows, and were done when the house was built. They are in perfect preservation. One scene is Boston Harbor, one the old Harvard College green with the first building there. The others seem to be compositions with towers or ruins. They have not much artistic merit, but are curious and add greatly to the charm of the rooms, which are furnished with handsome old furniture.

THE THAXTER, NOW THE WOMPATUCK CLUB, HOUSE.

THERE were settlers at Bare Cove as early as 1633. An order of the General Court, adopted and entered Sept. 2, 1635, is as follows: "The name of Bare Cove is changed and hereafter to be called Hingham." This latter date is the one accepted as that of the permanent settlement of the town.

All the land which is included in the territory bounded by North Street, West Street, South Street, and the Mill Pond was known as the "Town Street" and all the earliest grants of houselots "butted" on the "Town Street." The first grants of houselots, thirty in number, were made Sept. 18, 1635. They extended the entire length of what is now North Street. July 3, 1636, houselots were granted on what is now South Street. About five acres was the usual amount of land granted to each. Among them was the following:

"Given unto John Farro by the Town of Hingham, for a House Lot, five acres of land; Butting upon the Town Street northward; and upon William Ludkin's land and the Common southward; bounded with the land of Thomas Lincoln, *miller*, eastward, and with the land of George Russell westward."

This was the third lot westward from the corner of Bachelor Street, now Main Street.

April 27, 1680, Joseph Homes, of Boston, Trustee of Jane Bate, widow of Lieut. Benjamin Bate, who died in 1678, conveyed to Ensign John Thaxter several houses and lands, marshes and commons, among them one houselot of five acres bounded

on the Town Street north, Daniel Cushing south, Nathaniel Beal east, and Joseph Bate west, with the dwelling house and all the barns, etc., which Benjamin Bate purchased of John Farrow [Suffolk Deeds, 15-194].

Ensign John Thaxter or his descendants subsequently owned all the land on South Street from the corner of Main Street nearly to the present lot of William O. Lincoln.

A part of the original grant to John Farro, which was purchased in 1680 by Ensign John Thaxter, remained in possession of members of the Thaxter family for nearly two hundred years, when it was conveyed to Bishop Williams, April 26, 1877, and became the parochial residence of the Roman Catholic priest of the Church of St. Paul. At a later date the property adjacent to the church was purchased for a parochial residence and the South Street estate was conveyed to Mrs. Ellen C. Keenan, who occupied it for a few years and July 30, 1900, conveyed it to the Wompatuck Club.

Whether or not a part of the present building is the dwelling house "which Benjamin Bate purchased of John Farrow" and which was purchased by Ensign John Thaxter, in 1680, it is impossible to determine. If it was not then standing it must have been built shortly after that date, for the writer has evidence of its existence in 1695. The house originally had two rooms in front, the "Hall," which includes the easterly half of the large assembly room of the club, and the "Front Room," now the reception room, on the first floor, and the two rooms above, with the front entry and the stairs between. The front door opened directly into the "Hall." The westerly end of the house was added when Mr. Quincy Thaxter was married, in 1786. Interesting evidence of this addition may be seen in the attic,

where a portion of the original westerly end remains with the clapboards still upon it. At or about the time this addition was made it was the only house standing on South Street between Main Street and the "Anchor Tavern" or Bates House, which stood on the site of the house first occupied by the club. All the other houses now standing within these limits were built on land purchased from the Thaxters.

From 1783 to 1787 Rev. William Hazlitt, a Unitarian clergyman, from England, was in this country. His eldest son, John Hazlitt, born in England in 1768, came here with his family and while here painted the panels in the assembly room of the club. He was afterwards a miniature painter and painted the miniature of his father, which hangs over the fireplace. John Hazlitt died in England in 1837. His brother, William Hazlitt, was the noted essayist. The miniature of Rev. William Hazlitt was presented to the Wompatuck Club by Miss Susan Barker Willard, in 1901. A long and interesting account of the Hazlitts in America is in print. They lived a part of the time in Weymouth and the father preached several times for Dr. Gay, in the Old Meeting-house, and his son sat in the pulpit with him. It is said he was desirous of securing the position of minister of the First Parish to succeed Dr. Gay who was then nearly ninety years old, but the desire was not fulfilled.

In 1835, Miss Harriet Martineau, the eminent authoress, while on a visit to this country from England, was the recipient of social attentions in this house, where she was met by many of our town's people.

It is interesting to note the fact that there were two houses in Hingham, near to each other, built upon a similar plan, and both these houses were Thaxter houses, owned and occupied by mem-

bers of the same family. One stood where the Catholic Church now stands, opposite Broad Bridge, and the other is the club house. In each the front entrance was directly into a large "Hall" or square room, with the front entry and stairs at one side, and in each house there were panels painted by John Hazlitt. The writer knows of but one other house in Hingham constructed on this plan.

After the purchase of this house by the Wompatuck Club, in 1900, additions and changes were made to adapt it to club uses. The bowling alley was added, a new front porch was built and some internal changes were made, the most conspicuous of which was the removal of one of the chimneys and some partitions, in order to throw as much space as possible into the assembly room. The beams in the ceiling indicate to a certain extent the earlier arrangement of the rooms. In 1904 a considerable addition was made to the billiard room. In all the changes in the older parts of the house its ancient features have been carefully preserved and it is somewhat remarkable that the quaint painted panels have been allowed to remain in a fine state of preservation by the successive owners through so many years.

The Wompatuck Club was incorporated April 24, 1897. It takes its name from Wompatuck, who was the Chief Sachem of Massachusetts, which included Hingham, and who, with two other Indians, in 1665, conveyed all the territory of Hingham to the inhabitants thereof that they might "quietly possess and enjoy" the same. The "mark" of Wompatuck on the deed was adopted by the club as the emblem on its seal. For the first three years of its existence the club occupied the house of Mr. William O. Lincoln, on South Street, which was the site of the old "Anchor Tavern" where LaFayette was once entertained.

LaFayette is thus described by one who saw him here in September, 1778 :

“ Gen. LaFayette was here in the war and went to Nantasket. The French Fleet lay in the roads. He stopped at the Anchor Tavern and spent the night. He had one person only with him, an aide or waiter. LaFayette wore buff waistcoat and breeches, boots and spurs, plain blue coat, gilt buttons with some ornament and device on them, — I think no epaulettes, — three cornered hat and cockade. They came on horseback, wore swords, and had pistols. The aide wore more ornament than LaFayette.”

Photographs of the “ Anchor Tavern ” and of the Thaxter House opposite Broad Bridge, previously alluded to, hang in the club house.

FRANCIS H. LINCOLN.

A TRUE FISH STORY.

THE Cushing mansion at Rocky Nook is one of the oldest houses in Hingham, dating back to the seventeenth century. It is a quaint old house, with great bare beams crossing its low-ceiled rooms; and it stands under the shadow of a huge elm-tree, which bears the legend nailed over its heart, "Transplanted in 1729."

Here, about fifty years ago, was gathered a gay company of summer guests, among whom was Mr. Epes Sargent, then the able editor of the Boston *Transcript*; and here, one pleasant afternoon, a party was formed to go and "see the fishes fed." A footpath led from the rear of the house, through meadow and woodland, to an open field where stood a large iron foundry on the borders of a lovely pond, from which Weir River wanders to the sea. The scene was beautiful, but wild and solitary in the extreme, save for the foundry buildings and the home of the proprietor.

A request to see "the little girl who fed the fishes" brought out a child of about six years, dressed in a pink calico gown, cut low in the neck and with short sleeves, as was then the fashion. On her head she wore a large blue gingham sunbonnet, with ample cape to keep her from "tanning," one of the seven cardinal sins in those days. In her hand was a little willow basket containing some pieces of sweet white bread. With a gravity beyond her years, she led her guests to the border of the pond, where seated upon a large flat rock, she proceeded to call the fishes. "Pou-ty! pou-ty! pou-ty!" called the childish

voice, which went echoing over the water. The first syllable was long drawn out; and the last had a rising inflection, irresistibly funny.

It proved a magic cry, however, for up from the slimy depths came a score or more of ugly-looking horned pouts, crowding and pushing around her little hand, which held a piece of bread beneath the water.

Over and over each other they rolled in their eagerness to get the first bite; while the child patted them on the head or let them slip through her hands, carefully avoiding pressure on the sharp horn concealed in the dorsal fin.

"Tur-ty! tur-ty! tur-ty!" rang the plaintive voice again; and widening rings in the water, here and there, at varying distances from the shore, betrayed the presence of the turtles, whose shining black heads popped up to reconnoitre. "Come, turty, good turty!" coaxed their little mistress; and, after many feints, one or two of the shy amphibians were persuaded to approach near enough to snatch a wedge-shaped bite of the tempting morsel, which was often remorselessly taken from them by the greedy fishes.

One small turtle, no larger than the palm of the child's hand, had lost one of his forepaws in some prehistoric age, and, in consequence, rejoiced in the name of "Three-paw." He was very tame, and permitted his little friend to take him from the water and feed him, thus protecting him from assault. Another quaint feature of the exhibition was "Old Snapper," a mud turtle renowned alike for his morose temper and his strength of jaw. There were about twenty turtles, of various kinds; but each was known by some distinguishing feature.

Mr. Sargent learned that the fishes and turtles were native

to the pond, which at all times furnished the essentials for a fish dinner, so they were not dependent upon the child's favors for their food. They had been gradually tamed, during the two preceding years, by the simple law of kindness; and the child loved her strange pets as other children love their dogs and kittens. The fishes made their appearance each year about the first of May, and went into winter quarters by the first of October. They were always particular as to diet. They did not eat meat, and rejected the sour baker's bread of that period with prompt disgust.

Being much interested, Mr. Sargent published an account of what he had seen in the next issue of the *Transcript*, with the result that the peaceful, sylvan home of the child was invaded by curious visitors from far and near; and for several years their numbers mounted into the thousands, representing many nationalities. No fee was ever charged, but the little girl was generously recompensed by many. However, the strain was too great; and her parents, not wishing to make the feeding a public exhibition, were compelled to discontinue it, although some of the fishes long remained the pets of their old friend.

The story was afterward published by Mr. Sargent in one of his school readers.

HELEN WHITON.

Note: Can't you guess who was the little girl? — EDITOR.

THE CHIME OF BELLS.

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea.”

BELLS and the lowing of the homeward coming cows, and the close of the day — at Stoke and at Old Hingham! How much of English rural and village life is timed to the sound of bells! How much of our life is started and stopped by the toot of steam whistles!

Only on the quiet mornings, as on a peaceful Sabbath in June, or a golden morning in Indian summer, will the sweet swinging chimes of New Hingham’s Memorial Tower float over the tree-tops to me, here in Mullein Hill, in the extreme south of the town. For here in Great Plain I am as far away from Bare Cove and the hill where the tower will stand as any resident of the town can be; but when the wind is right — and sometimes the wind is right — I shall hear the bells — the voice of Old Hingham beyond the sea, the voice of old days, of old customs, old faiths, old hopes, — forever new.

In the whirl of the shop wheels, and the roar of the city streets, we could not hear the angelus. But the streets of Hingham are quiet, and over the wide fields of this town of homes are many a man and woman who, at sound of the evening bells, will pause in their work to pray.

As this book goes to press a memorial tower is about to be erected in honor of the founders of the town, and in this tower will be hung a peal of bells, copies of ancient bells in England that were known to the forefathers before they migrated. The

tower will stand at the entrance to the Old Burying Ground and adjacent to the Meeting House. It will contain the ancient block of flint sent from Old Hingham.

Twenty-five hundred donors have made the tower with its peal of bells possible. Their names are to be inscribed in the Book of Donors to be kept in the tower. Among these is the name of the Reverend Louis C. Cornish, minister of the First Parish in Hingham. Let it stand illuminated on the parchment, for to Mr. Cornish, his dreams and efforts, as well as to those sending gifts though it be from the ends of the earth, is the town of Hingham indebted for this memorial tower with its peal of bells.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

THE HINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

IN the month of October, 1901, the Hingham Society of Arts and Crafts was organized.

In the words of its simple constitution: "Its purpose is to promote artistic work in all branches of handicraft. It endeavors to stimulate an appreciation of the dignity and value of good design and to establish a medium of exchange between the producer and consumer."

The society has a permanent exhibition and salesroom in the building of the Hingham Water Company, one minute's walk from the Hingham Railroad Station. This room is open to the public each week on Tuesday and Thursday morning and afternoon and on Saturday afternoon.

The handicrafts of the society at present are dyeing (vegetable) basket materials, making baskets, rugs, embroidery and netting, spinning and weaving, doing bead work, cabinet work, making candles from the wax of the bay berry, metal work, toy furniture, leather work, photographs and printing, and designing.

Baskets and rugs were the first industries attempted. As soon as the society was organized the interest in basketry became apparent. During the first few months about twenty women took up the work as an industry, some becoming weavers of reed baskets, and others of raffia and palm leaf. A great stimulus to the work was found in visits to old garrets, the dim interiors of which concealed many long hidden treasures, quaint

in shape and of curious workmanship, brought years ago from foreign countries by the old sea captains of Hingham.

These afforded material for study; and the interest in finding out how they were made and in adapting the ideas suggested to new uses was unflagging.

Many different shapes of waste baskets have been reproduced, and two or three new styles such as pie, picnic, and luncheon baskets made, while the shapes and sizes of mending and sewing baskets as well as flower trays and letter baskets are legion.

There are also "forget-me-not" baskets with the coloring true to nature, designed to hold a bunch of these flowers which are as intimately connected with Hingham as the "Sabbatia" is with Plymouth.

Then there are baskets for violets, with wicker work over glass in the delicate violet shades.

One of the members owns an old-fashioned loom on which the rag rugs are woven. The New England braided rugs of our grandmother's day are a specialty with this society and are most durable, and give an air of comfort and repose to a room.

In metal work forging has been successfully attempted in brass, copper, and silver, the gorgeous color of the enameling suggesting a butterfly's wing or a ruby-throated humming bird.

One of the chief aims of the society is to revive the old *white* embroidery of our grandmothers. This it reproduces and adapts to modern uses, keeping as closely as possible to the spirit of the colonial needlewomen.

Cross-stitch designs have been adapted from old "samplers;" at the present writing great interest has been shown in a revival

of this work and old samplers are eagerly sought and lucky are those who own them.

Complete outfits for bedroom furnishings are made in the netted fringes, entire canopies for four-posted bedsteads, besides the smaller doilies for the dining table.

Photographs of natural scenery in and around Hingham are most artistic in composition and in distribution of light and shade.

Bayberry dips, redolent as they are of the pastures and woods, have a widespread reputation.

Hingham used to be called "Bucket Town" and still is for that matter. When the bucket industry was at its height Hingham was always astir, sending most of her output to the West Indies. But as in the case of other industries, when machines came in use and the buckets could be made more quickly and cheaply, handwork was driven out.

Mr. George Fearing, the sole survivor of these handworkers, owns several sets of these old tools which cannot now be duplicated.

Until very recently (being now incapacitated by age and infirmities) he has used these tools in making nests of boxes and buckets, riggings of different sizes, and colonial toy furniture.

Hingham has always been famous for its wooden ware; in the old days the busy hammer of the cooper was heard in all parts of the town.

The art will not die out, however, for in the last few years younger men have come to the fore and are reproducing many choice designs in the toy furniture for baby houses, modeled from the John Carver and John Alden chairs with rush bottom seats. Toy mirrors are an exact reproduction of the old colonial

mirrors and are in different sizes from one suitable for a toy baby house to one for my lady's chamber, having appropriate pictures at the top in color.

With this historic background, it was very natural that this society should choose for its legend the "Hingham Bucket." No article made by the members of the society and approved by its committee is offered for sale without the mark of the Hingham Bucket.

The Hingham Society has affiliated itself with the National League of Handicraft Societies.

The annual sale of several days usually takes place during the month of July.

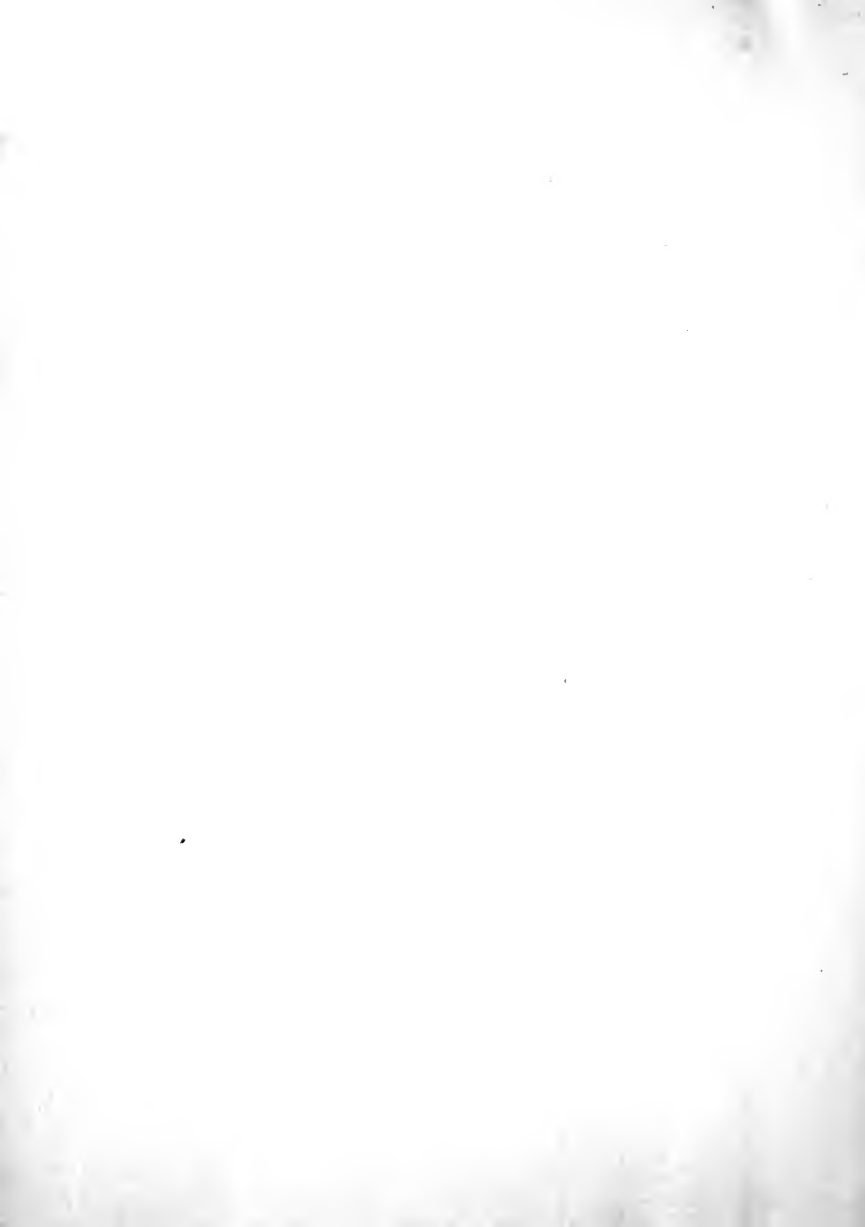
The society sets for itself a very high standard and compels itself to live up to it; its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the sales each year being in advance of the year previous, while its wares are in demand and are sent to nearly all the leading cities in our great country.

It has been an inspiration to the formation and development of many other societies, and is always ready to offer a helping hand to younger societies who have "caught the spirit" but lack experience.

William Morris once said: "Have nothing in your house which you do not *know* to be useful or *believe* to be beautiful." This sentence contains the whole essence of the movement in a nutshell. With this duty recognized it will not take many generations before a real and individual taste will be developed, which will do away with many of the unnecessary luxuries of our modern life and lead to more simple living and higher thinking.

SUSAN B. WILLARD.





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